VOL. IV. No. 2. } GREENSBORO, N. C., for the Week Ending January 15, 1859. { Whole No. 155.

The Vale of Cashmere.

(From Moore's Lalla Rookh.)

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses, the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love lighted eyes that hang over their wave?
Oh! to see it at sunset—when warm o'er the Lake
Its splendor at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride full of blushes, when lingering to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!—
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.
Here the music of pray'r from a minaret swells,
Here the magian his urn full of perfume is swinging,
And here at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.
Or to see it by moonlight—when mellowly shines
The light o'er its palaces, gardens and shrines;
When the water-falls gleam like a quick fall of stars,
And the nightingales hymn from the Isle of Chenars
Is broken by laughs and wild echoes of feet
From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet;—
Or at morn when the magic of day-light awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd forth every one
Out of darkness, as they were just born of the Sun.
When the spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
From his Haram of night-flowers stealing away;
And the wind full of wantonness, woos, like a lover,
The young aspen-trees till they tremble all over,
When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
And Day, with its banner of radiance unfurl'd,
Shines in through the mountain's portal that opes,
Sublime, from that valley of bliss to the world!

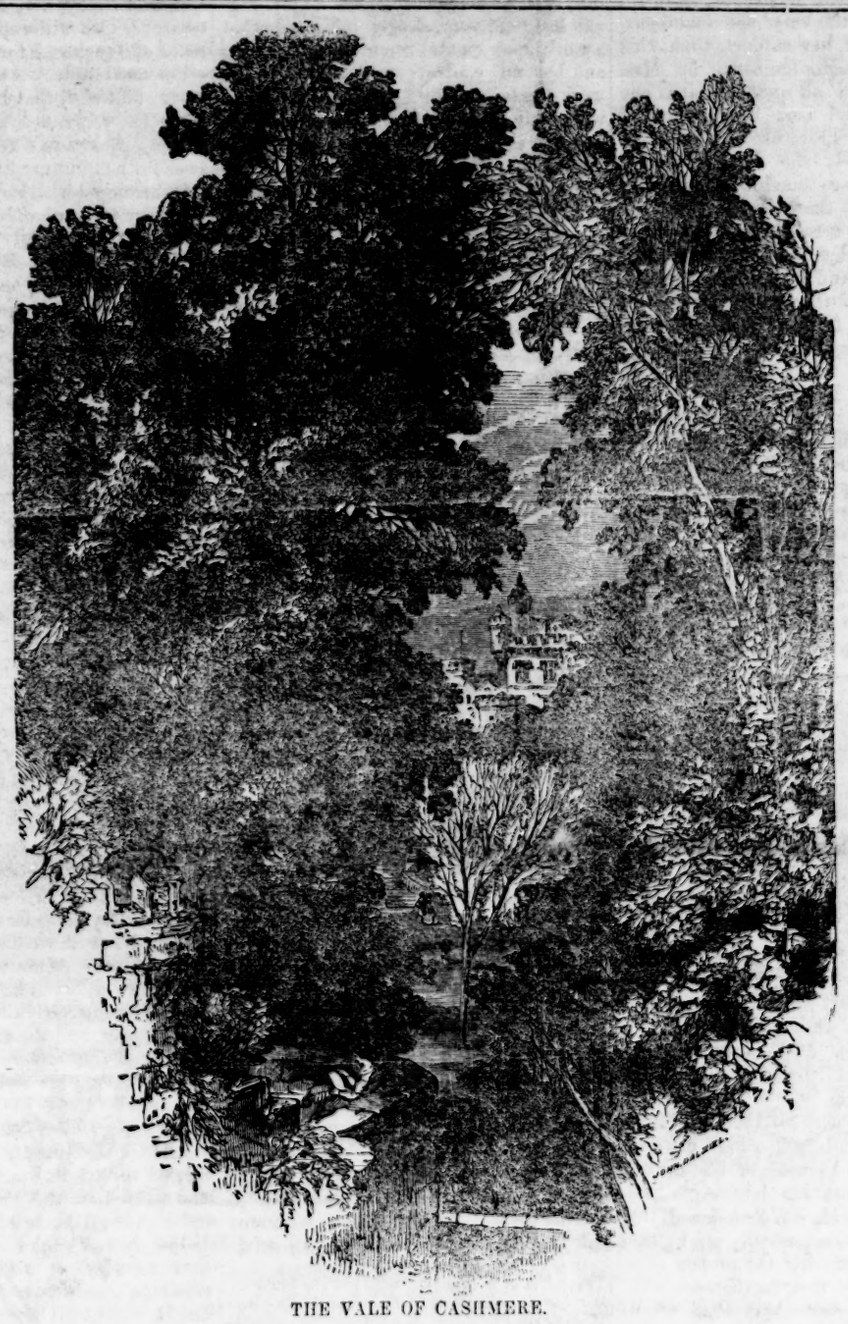
Our Historical Gallery.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

GENERAL GREENE.

FIRST PAPER.—Continued.

THE elements of greatness, of which the principal are mental capacity, energy of will and integrity of purpose, must be regarded as an endowment of nature; but they are matured by culture and developed by circumstances. When the capacity and the energy exist there will be, under any circumstances, more or less developement and the conscious superiority, which is their necessary result, will be felt and acknowledged. The father of Gen. Greene might never have heard the educational maxim of the old Romans about *a sound mind in a sound body;* but he certainly intended to give his son both; and, in some important respects, he succeeded to admiration. By religious instruction and christian example, he laid the foundation of that moral character for which he has been so highly and so justly esteemed. By habits of industry, temperance and economy, which he both practised and required, he gave the boy a sound constitution and thus prepared him, though unintentionally, for the almost incredible toils and hardships which he afterwards endured in the military service of his country. It is said that until young Greene was fourteen years of age he hardly knew that there was a book in the world except the Bible, and that he was perfectly contented with the laborious occupations of the farm and the forge, having no other ambition than to excel in whatever he undertook and to be the best man among them; but this was at once a proof of his higher aspirations and a guaranty for his future greatness. Even children very soon recognize intellectual superiority and tacitly, if not unconsciously, admit its power. It is so in families, schools and wherever they are much together. Of all the athletic sports and daring adventures in which the boys of his neighborhood then delighted, he was head, and could never rest while there was an acknowleged or probable superior; and even his stern old father soon had to pay a deference to his judgement which he paid to no other. At the age of seventeen, as we are told, he performed feats of muscular strength and agility which were deemed incredible or would be so deemed at the present day; and it could not be supposed that such physical and intellectual powers, under the impulse of a sanguine temperament and a warm hearted generosity, might be suppressed or moulded at once into the sobriety of age without mental culture, or fit opportunities of engaging in pursuits more congenial to his taste; the energies of such a youth must have exercise, nor could they be entirely repressed by all the combined influences of religion and Quakerism. Precisely at what age we know not, but while in the spring time of life, he became very fond of that most un-Quakerly amusement, *dancing*, and in his



THE VALE OF CASHMERE.

circumstances it is not at all strange. He must have company and of his own age.—The strong current of genial emotions which was ever welling up in such a bosom must have vent and could have it no where but with the gay and sprightly. The thrilling sounds of the violin, and the jocund movements of the dance, the repartee and the *bon mot*, the social freedom on such occasions, and the presence of beauty in its most impressive forms, worked up the joyous emotions of his heart, and had attractions which, for a time, were irresistable. The fear of offending those whom he had been taught to love and obey, was in his case, the greatest drawback, but that might possibly be avoided. With great caution and ingenuity, he kept it concealed, for a time, from his father, and even from the family; but such paternal vigilence could not be always eluded. Extremely fond of female society, and a great favorite with the lasses of the neighborhood, they always contrived to let him know when and where they were to have a party; but Quaker gravity reigned at home, and the regulations there were very strict. The doors and windows were closed at an early hour, and all were required to be in bed by a specified time. Without the least hesitation, he always retired with the rest; but when he thought all were asleep, he contrived to slip down from the eaves of the house, and speed away to the place of jollity and mirth. After toiling on the farm, and at the forge, from early dawn to "dewy eve," the whole night, it might be supposed, would be needed for rest; but, with such buoyancy of spirits and such Herculean strength of constitution, he could deny himself the repose and refreshment indispensable to others. Detection, however, soon stopped these proceedings; and it was probably fortunate for him, and for the country that he was thus saved from the deteriorating effects, of such vain and trifling amusements.

His circumstances were now a little peculiar; for he was closely watched at home and abroad. His superior powers, mental and physical, his greater flow of spirits, and the social tendencies of his nature, made him "the observed of all observers." Being the favorite son, or the one of whom the highest expectations had been raised by the prediction at his birth, he was the object of special solicitude, on the part of the Quaker fraternity, as well as of the home circle.

Then, as he was a great favorite with the lasses, some envious rival might, directly or indirectly, convey a whisper of his conduct to the family; some night too, when he thought the old man asleep, he might be lying awake thinking over his temporal affairs, or his next Sunday's Sermon; and, in one or another of these ways he was discovered. Escaping from his bed-room, one evening, as he had often done before, he hied away to a party of unusual interest, in the neighborhood, and enjoyed himself finely till midnight, when he left for home, and expected to enter the room, as aforetime, by a window, which he had left open, or unfastened, for the purpose; but to his utter surprise, on approaching the house, and before he was seen himself, he perceived his old father standing under his window, whip in hand patiently waiting for his return. If he went forward he was certain to get a sound thrashing; if he retreated, it would be worse for him in the end; and what was to be done? was the momentous question now to be decided; but most fortunately for his *epidermis* and for the relief of his mind, on looking about, he found that he was then standing near a pile of shingles, and snatching up a handful of them with the quickness of thought, he contrived to line his westcoat with them so well, that even horse-whip or a cow hide could make little or no impression. Thus fortified, he walked up with composure and took his flagellation.—The old man tho't he had given him a most exemplary chastisement, or, to use a common expression, had "dressed his jacket well for him;" and so he had, but the *jacket* got it all; and the culprit very coolly and deliberately went away to bed or to his work, neither sore, nor sulky, nor conscience smitten.

In a complicated system of machinery, the touching of a small spring, when everything else is ready, puts the whole into quick and effective operation; and in the more extensive and complicated system of social interests, a little incident, a trivial aggression on the acknowledged rights of the community, or an impulse given to a master mind, at the right time and under favorable circumstances may revolutionize a kingdom and entirely change the condition and future prospects of a whole nation.

Often, perhaps, in a majority of cases, when a youth, of intellect and of promise, is verging on manhood and engaged in the fierce conflict between the gratification of his passions and the more ennobling pursuits which claim his attention, the meeting of a friend or the forming of a new acquaintance, a word of encouragement, a frown or a sneer from his superiors, may decide his destiny and that of many others, "for weal or for woe." When about fourteen years of age or a little more, a student by the name of Giles, a mere Sophomore, from the University of Rhode Island, came to spend his vacation at East Greenwich; and, in some of his rambles, young Greene met with him and made his acquaintance. From him he learned that there were other books beside the Bible, and that there were stores of valuable knowledge which were not taught in revelation. From that time a radical, if not a total, change of feeling and of purpose was manifest. His love of boyish sports, for which he had hitherto shewn such a fondness and in which he had been so ambitious to excel, only because he had nothing better to occupy his mind, thus, not extinct, was duly controlled and made subordinate. A thirst for knowledge was created which nothing but acquisition could satisfy, and an impulse was given which has made him the admiration of all coming time. The libraries of his friends, however meagre and uninteresting to men of more intelligence, were ransacked, and whatever he found in them worth his attention was soon devoured; but the appetite was insatiable, and all he got there only increased the demand for more. By greater industry his daily tasks were accomplished more expeditiously than before, and every moment he could gain was diligently employed in earning money for the purchase of books. On the farm or in the mill he could gain nothing; but in the shop, where he became very expert, his opportunities were better, and they were improved with a diligence which betokened success. All was spent for such books as were within his reach; but having no knowledge of their contents or of their respective authors, he could have very little choice. Whatever came in his way or struck his fancy was purchased, and, whether good or bad, was read with avidity. His book, purchased or borrowed, was carried to the field, the mill, or the shop, and the time spent by others in repose he employed in reading. Even the hours, or a portion of them, which nature usually requires for sleep, were curtailed, and the more he read the more his thirst for knowledge increased. In the shop was the best place to earn money; but the mill was the best place for reading; and the chair is still preserved in which, after he had filled the "hopper," he sat poring over his book, and often his thoughts became so absorbed that the grain had run out long before he awaked from his reverie.

Such a strong and indiscriminate devotion to books was not agreeable to the notions of his father, who looked upon it as a waste of time, and even as bordering on the profane. By sheer industry and economy *he* had gained independence; and, by the unassisted energies of his own mind, had risen from obscurity to the "highest seat in the Synagogue," than which there was, in his estimation, no higher honor for man; but a change was gradually, and perhaps unconsciously to himself, taking place in his views and feelings. As the son always did his work well and in good time, there could be no complaint on that score, and from a kind of moral necessity, he was obliged to connive at what he could not prevent. Power of intellect will be felt and acknowledged; and the old Quaker sire, though naturally confident in the soundness of his own judgment and inflexible in his adherence to the rules and principles which he had adopted, was now observed to pay a deference to the opinions of this son, which he paid to those of no other. Then, parental pride might be insensibly playing its part; and that flattering prediction at the child's birth, so pregnant with meaning and so grateful to the parental heart, was still in remembrance. It might imply or comprehend more than he was yet prepared to admit; and whatever was its import, his co-operation might be necessary to the fulfilment. For some or all of these reasons, it was determined to put him under a teacher of higher qualifications; and he was accordingly sent, for the winter term, to a man by the name of Mitchell, who gave him a smattering of Latin and initiated him into the science of Mathematics. As the acquisition of Latin depended chiefly on the memory, it was not so agreeable to his taste, and after three months it was abandoned. In this time, however, he had made such proficiency and so far mastered the principles of the language, that he could read Cæsar and Horace in the original, and these were his favorite authors, if not the only ones he ever read in that language; but in mathematics he was more at home and engaged in the study of them *con amore*. At the opening of spring he returned to his usual occupations; but his books were neither forgotten nor neglected; for an impulse had been given which was irrepressible and unabating. The Problems of Euclid were frequently solved over the forge and were more easily "worked up" than the iron. Here he was more in his element and never rested until he had mastered Geometry in its applications to Navigation and Surveying.

By converse with the pure mathematics he became familiar with truth in its abstract or naked form, and learned to distinguish it wherever found. In the school of Euclid he formed that habit of close investigation and attained those clear conceptions for which he was afterwards so remarkable and was thus prepared to master other subjects of greater and more practical importance, which were soon to engage his attention. In making these acquisitions his powers were invigorated.

and his mind was trained to logical reasoning; but from his ignorance of books and the different branches of knowledge, his course was deficient in method and singleness of purpose. Whatever be the power employed, it must be wisely directed, or its achievements will be comparatively worthless. A man may be able to master any branch of human knowledge without assistance; yet he may know little of their relations or practical uses, that they will be of little avail in the business of life; but He who gives the ability and assigns the work, as in this case, always furnishes the means.

Incidentally, or providentially, about this time he made the acquaintance of Dr. Stiles, then pastor of a church in New Port, but afterwards extensively known as the President of Yale College. By persevering industry and good management, his father had not only become sole proprietor of the Potowhomet mills, but now owned a similar establishment at Coventry. This extension of his business, well managed as it was, gave him a greater surplus for market; and a small shallop, which had been for some time in use occasionally, was now more frequently employed in carrying the products of the farm, the mill and the forge to the little towns on the river, and especially to New Port, which was then a place of considerable trade. The lover of science was always glad when they got a load of their own manufacture ready for market, as he never failed to have a little money to spend on books, and he generally contrived to go with the cargo. On the occasion which proved to be of so much importance to him in after life, he went with the shallop to New Port and mainly for the purpose of making some further addition to his library. As soon as convenient after landing, though clad in the plain rustic garb of his sect, with his hat and coat well powdered from the mill, and his face begrimed by the dust of the forge, he entered the principal bookstore and called for a book; but when the clerk asked him what book he wanted, he was utterly at a loss and rather an awkward pause of some moments ensued; when Dr. Stiles, who happened to be present, on observing his confusion, and probably feeling interested by the anxiety of such a youth for books, condescendingly entered into conversation with him and happily relieved him from his embarrassment. What passed during that casual interview we know not; but we may take it for granted that, in addition to other counsels and admonitions, the Doctor gave him more extended views of human knowledge in its diversified connexions and directed him to such authors as would be most profitable for him to study. This was an epoch in his life; for he had now found an instructor and a guide; the impulse given to his mind by the Sophomore was greatly increased, and he was directed into a more systematic course of reading. With any man of calibre, all that is wanting to great and rapid progress, is a sufficient impulse and in a right direction. In the present case, both were given to the young Quaker; and that such was the fact was verified by the eminence which he attained.

It is the prerogative of power, whether physical or moral, to disregard difficulties and to contemn dangers. Henceforth, for several years, every energy was taxed and every moment employed in reading the books he had, or in earning money to purchase more. Even the callosities formed on his hands by wielding the sledge hammer were ground off on the grind stone to render them more sensitive and better fitted for the manufacture of those finer fabrics which would command a higher price in the market; and his labors in the shop were such as to produce a lameness for life, which could be from no other cause; for the position in which the right foot of an anchorsmith is kept at the forge is said to be precisely that in which *his* right foot became permanently fixed. In every sense *the hand of the diligent maketh rich; and he that is diligent in business shall not stand before mean men.* Honest industry and good economy will have their reward; and we soon find him closely occupied with such works as Watts' Logic, Ferguson on Society, Locke on the Understanding and the ablest works he could get on every subject—at the same time, perfecting himself in Orthography, Grammar, Arithmetic and the higher branches of Mathematics.

(Concluded next week.)

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

When Should we Speak of Love?

A Schoolboy's Evening Reverie.

BY IRA.

When breezes sweep the Mountain side,
And zephyrs fan the dale—
When fairy music steals aloft
To woo the rising gale,
Then is the time for lovers' vows—
Then tell the lovers' tale.

When Luna's rays in brightness yield,
To beams from Beauty's eyes;
When melting glances put to blush
The stars that gem the skies;
Then—speak the Lovers' ardent words,
Then heave the Lovers' sighs,

When nought disturbs the silence sweet,
But song of murmuring rill,
When pressure of a fairy hand,
Gives every nerve a thrill—
Then breathe the vows affection prompts,
When nature all is still.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

Mrs. HELEN C. KNIGHT,

Life of James Montgomery, By Mrs. Helen C. Knight. 1 Vol. 12 mo., price, $1.25, Boston: Gould & Lincoln, publishers.

For many years has Mr. Montgomery been one of my favorites amongst the eminent coterie of English poets; how many nights have I sat reading his beautiful poems until the red streaks of dawn adorned the eastern horizon; and often have I wished for a suitable Biography of this eminent christian poet, that I might be assured that his life was as pure and unsullied as the exquisite creations of his muse. At length the very work for which I have so frequently wished, written by a lady who appreciated and loved our author, has been issued from the press. With a degree of pleasure, not exceeded even by the reading of Mr. Montgomery's sweet and delightful poems, have I read this most appropriate and excellent Biography. Never was a biography written in a more appropriate style, by a more sympathizing and appreciative biographer, a biographer who entered more into the very spirit and earnest eloquence of her subject, than this Life of James Montgomery, by Mrs. Knight. Beyond all question, it is one of the ablest and best biographies of which our noble literature can boast.—How affectionately she dwells, in language, never more touchingly beautiful and expressive of the true spirit which actuated her venerable and venerated subject, as she details incident after incident in the life and delineates the gradual development of the poetical genius of one of the most famous christian poets, whose exquisite hymns are sung in nearly every church throughout the entire civilized world. But it is not my intention to dilate upon the life of Mr. Montgomery at this time, nor to pen an essay upon his poetry, but I will make a brief extract from the preface to this precious volume. Of Mr. Montgomery, the author says: "With none of the classic richness of Rogers, the weird originality of Coleridge, the introspective sweetness of Wordsworth, or the fascinating romance of Scott, there is a moral earnestness, an unaffected grace, a purity of diction, which penetrates the heart and places his poetry among the permanent literature of England. The christian element of his hymns give them wings.—Besides expressing what the renewed soul has felt through all ages, he gave utterance to many of the new forms of Christian life, with their corresponding inspirations thrilling the spirit and firing it with fresh devotion to the Master's work. Not as a poet only does Montgomery claim our reverent attention. As a model of the christian citizen, he stands pre-eminent. Steadfastly promoting public improvements, and patiently fostering every charitable enterprise, Catholic in spirit and loyal in conscience, unselfish in his aims and rich in poetical wisdom, prudent in counsel, and warm in his affections, he identified himself with all the best interests of Sheffield and took a high place in the confidence and respect of his townsfellows. Nor were his labors of love bounded by Sheffield. Welcoming all the new-born activities, which mark the Church of Christ during the present century, he engaged in their furtherance with singular devotedness. And even when age and infirmities might justly have pleaded exemption from duty, a scrupulous fidelity to its claims, kept him to his post even to the end."

This volume is published in that beautiful style which is a distinguishing feature in all the works published by Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, and every lover of a good biography of a good man and celebrated poet, should read it.

JOSEPH HAVEN.

Mental Philosophy: Including the Intellect, Sensibilities, and Will.—By Joseph Haven, Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, in Amherst College. Boston: Gould & Lincoln 1859, 1 Vol. large, 12 mo., $1.40

There is nothing which more clearly demonstrates this as the golden age of progress and improvement, than the many increased facilities for the diffusion of knowledge, and for the acquirement of a good education, which it has brought to light. Contrast, but for a moment, the unprecedented facilities which we now enjoy with those that were enjoyed by even our fathers, and mark the result! If our authors and educators have not discovered new principles and systems of philosophy, they certainly have done a great service to posterity in the able manner in which they have explained and simplified the philosophy of the ancients.

Mental philosophy is one of the most important branches of a good education, and it has received much attention of late from able and accomplished scholars, and many able works have been written upon the subject. One grave objection which may be brought against many of these treatises is, that they treat almost exclusively of the *Intellectual* Faculties, to the exclusion of the *Sensibilities*, and the *Will*. To remedy this defect or rather incompleteness, and to prepare a work adapted to the capacity of the student, and to present a clear enunciation of the principles of Mental Philosophy proper, in a clear, perspicuous and concise style, were amongst the many worthy motives which actuated the author of this goodly-sized and well-written volume in its preparation.

We are not acquainted with Mr. Haven, but after reading this profound and excellent treatise upon this intricate but important and beautiful subject of investigation, we have formed a very high estimation of his abilities as a philosophical writer. In his preface he says, "It is much easier to decide what a work on mental science ought to be, than to produce such a work. It should be comprehensive and complete, treating of all that properly pertains to Psychology, giving to every part its due proportion and development. It should treat the various topics presented, in a thorough and scientific manner. It should be conversant with the literature of the department, placing the student in possession, not only of the true doctrines, but to some extent also, of the *history* of those doctrines, showing him what has been held and taught by others upon the points in question. In style it should be clear, perspicuous, concise, yet not so barren of ornament as to be destitute of interest to the reader." Mr. Haven has here very clearly indicated what a work upon mental science ought to be; and beyond controversy, he has, in the work under review, produced just the work indicated. It is beyond any question the clearest and ablest work on Mental Science, that has ever been issued from the American press; and it will be welcomed, alike, by teachers and students, as a most invaluable acquisition to our scientific literature. And not only will it be hailed by the teacher and pupil, but by the private learner and general reader, as the popular style in which it is written renders it equally as valuable to those who do not attend college. Its pre-eminent merits strongly commend it to the careful consideration of all those who take an interest in Mental Science.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Life and Times of Sir Philip Sidney—The New Priest of Conception Bay—The Atlantic—The Rollo Juveniles—London Quarterly Review, and Blackwood—The Great Republic Monthly—Lord Dufferin's Yacht Voyage—Announcements, etc.

One of the most delicate and dainty brochures of the season, and one of the most fitting for a nice little presentation volume, is an exquisite 16mo from the press of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, got up with even more than usual good taste and richness of that favorite firm. It is printed on heavy cream-tinted paper, from type that is a luxury to read. The top edges are gilt, and the embellishments are of the costliest character. All this mechanical excellence is not misplaced, for the book. *The Life and Times of Sir Philip Sidney*, is one of the most gentle and genial ever written. It has been said of Sidney that he "trod from his cradle to his grave amid incense and flowers, and died in a dream of glory." He was beautiful in person, gifted and accomplished in mind and manners, deferential and courteous to all, the impersonation of heroic bravery, and the incarnation of Christian meekness and gentleness. Perhaps the crowning feature of his extraordinary charms was his meek and humble trust in Christ as his only hope and strength, which especially illuminated his career, short and brilliant as it was, toward its close. Sidney was perhaps the brightest gem in the brilliant Court of England's maiden Queen, and American readers will thank the author of this charming little work for his pleasant and useful record of so distinguished and delightful a character. We wish there was as equally well written (and well published) a history of the good Chevalier Bayard. As an evidence of the immediate popularity of the Life of Sidney we are glad to state that a very large edition was entirely sold in the *first three days* after publication. Its success is abundantly deserved.

A new fiction, with the characters well individualized, idiosyncrasies boldly marked, and the argument of a new and striking character, is a treat to the careful and critical novel reader in these times of sentimentalism, sham, and old plots rehashed. Such a novel is a handsomely printed 16mo, in two volumes, with the title *The New Priest in Conception Bay*, and issued from the press of Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. The events upon which the story is founded took place in Newfoundland, and new and attractive scenes and incidents are opened to American readers. Life has a strange charm; manners and customs are peculiar; the dialect is marked and full of character; and the simplicity, bravery and heroic endurance of the hardy fishermen form a fine subject for the novelist's pen. The work has already made a deep impression, and will be permanently popular, not only on account of its bold and decisive pictures of scenery, the poetic graces of the style, but from the absorbing interest of the story. It is written by a clergyman, and is deeply imbued with religious feelings. Its natural piety commends itself to the best feelings of the heart, and we very cordially commend it.

The publishers of the above fresh and glowing fiction, are also the publishers of the popular *Atlantic Monthly*, the Jan. no. of which they have just issued. We have not space to enumerate the many good things which it contains, but must not omit to call the attention of the admirers of "The Autocrat" to the delectable feast he again spreads on his usual board. No series of magazine articles have ever been more successful than his recent breakfast table papers, and his new efforts are equally promising.

Than the Reverend Jacob Abbott there is not a more popular or indefatigable bookmaker among our authors. His works must number considerably over an hundred volumes, the "Historical Library," the "Story Books," and several other distinct series among them being popular almost without precedent. But what shall we say of the "Rollo Books"—those inestimable and never-ending sources of instruction and amusement that have delighted more children than all the Peter Parleys, Genii, Fairies, Arabian Nights, and all other books and people of mysticism and wonder combined. Jacob Abbott should be crowned the Good Genie of the Children—a Father, Patron Saint, and whatever else will express the endearing titles of Teacher, Friend, Parent, Counsellor and Guide. And here, right on the heels of all else, that he has done for the juveniles, come no less than *ten* volumes, prettily packed in a neat box that will answer for a miniature library-case, all tastefully arranged with care, and yclept "Rollo's Tour in Europe." Older and graver heads have recorded their traveling experiences, why not Rollo? Particularly when he can be as sensible and entertaining as any in the august company. The volumes comprise *Rollo on the Atlantic; In Paris; In Switzerland; In London; On the Rhine; In Scotland; In Geneva; In Holland; In Naples;* and *In Rome.* They are published by Messrs. Brown, Taggard & Chase, (24 and 29 Cornhill, Boston) are printed in handsome style, are profusely illustrated, and may be had separately or in sets, at fifty cents per volume. Mailed anywhere free of postage. Messrs. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, also supply them.

In time for a good and valuable New Year's present, Messrs. Leonard, Scott & Co., New York, issue their prospectus for the reprint of the great British Quarterlies for 1859, offering inducements that no intelligent reader should neglect. The prices at which they furnish these master repositories of thought and scholarly excellence are absolutely ludicrous compared with the cost at home. Their editions are as well printed; and, by arrangements made with the British publishers, they are served to American readers very nearly as soon as the subscriber in the British metropolis can have his. Among the best of these five reprints we always consider "Blackwood," and the "London Quarterly." The quarterly number, for October, of the latter, and the monthly, November, number of the former, have both been out some time, and are rich in their contents. One article alone in the "Quarterly," *The Publications of the Arundel Society*, in spite of its clumsily chosen title, will compel any reader's attention to the close who will ignore the unfortunate caption, and glance at the first page. It is rich in its history and genial criticism of Art and Artists. Horace and his Translators; Wiseman's Last Four Popes: Jas. Watt; The Roman at his Farm; and Sir Chas. Napier, are among the remaining articles. In "Old Maga," Bulwer's novel, and Mrs. Oliphant's English story are continued; Buckle's History, and Edw. Irving furnish material for two articles; and the author of Ten Thousand a Year contributes a very interesting maritime sketch. When it is remembered that these two publications are furnished together for five dollars per annum, or the whole *five* of the reprints for *ten* dollars, we really wonder at the enormous circulation of such *things* as the N. Y. Ledger, Frank Leslie's paper, etc.

A new monthly magazine of considerable promise, is "The Great Republic Monthly," issued in New York, by Messrs. Oakesmith & Co., the first number dating from January 1st. Its contents are not made up of the usual flimsy, trashy stuff that fills too many of our domestic periodicals, and the best writers in the country are engaged for contributors. We notice such names as Gilmore Simms, Prentice, Paul H. Hayne, Thomas Buchanan Read, Stoddard, Saxe, Halleck, Jno. R. Thompson, and other favorite American authors on the list. The publishers intend that no sectional prejudices shall be entertained in its articles, and nothing admitted that will give offence to any sect, division or denomination. There are several entertaining articles in the opening number, including the commencement of a History of the Great Republic, illustrated; Sir Christopher Wren, illustrated; Spain and Mule Back Glances beyond the Pyrenees; Jerusalem; Seven Years in Ye Western Land; The Rag Pickers of New York, etc., all illustrated. Life and Travels in the Southern States, will find numerous readers, as will also a touching sketch, Betrayed: A Soldier's Story. There is a very liberal quantity of reading matter, and a profusion of embellishments.

The present season is rich in good books of travel, one of the most instructive and entertaining of which is Lord Dufferin's Letters From High Latitudes, a handsome duodecimo, just from the press of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston—Messrs. Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia. The title—*A Yacht Voyage: Letters From High Latitudes*; being some account of a Voyage in the schooner-yacht "Foam," to Iceland, Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen, in 1856; by Lord Dufferin—will give some idea of the character of the book, but not of the brilliant narrative, the easy style, the dashes of humor, and the picturesque descriptions with which this fascinating volume abounds. In one place Lord D. speaks of a chanticleer he had shipped on the way north, and describes the fowl's bewilderment on the subject of continuous daylight. He says, "he never slept for more than five minutes at a stretch without waking up in a state of nervous agitation, lest it should be cock-crow. At last when night ceased altogether, he could no longer stand the shock. He crowed once or twice sarcastically, then went melancholy mad; finally, taking a calenture, he cackled lowly (probably of green fields) and, leaping overboard, drowned himself." We cordially direct the reader's attention to the book.

Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., have published this week the third volume of Prescott's Phillip II.; Life and Writings of Sullivan, 2 vols.; and a Holiday edition of the Autocrat.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields issue this week, Thorndale, or the Conflict of Opinions; Christmas Hours, by the author of the Homeward Path; enlarged edition of Fanny Kemble's Poems; Lectures by Rev. F. W. Robertson; and Nursery Songs of Scotland.

Messrs. Oaksmith & Co. announce My Thirty Years Out of the Senate, by Major Jack Downing, a promising book.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Phonography.

Among all the inventions of our age marked by the giant advances of mankind in every department of useful knowledge, probably none is at once so important in itself, and so little appreciated by the world at large as that of Phonetic Shorthand. The system now universally in use was originated and brought to comparative perfection by Isaac Pitman of Bath, England. Based upon a profound analysis of the principles of language, the reporting style of Phonography has, by the suggestions of thousands of practical writers, been brought to a state of wonderful and beautiful completeness.

Its chief advantages are simplicity, a great concentration of consonant power, and legibility. Substituting the Phonetic or natural, for the Romanic or conventional system of spelling it has attained a consistency and brevity unknown in the more clumsy and difficult style of stenography. Thus, for instance, the word *show* spelt phonetically is *sho*, *Physic* becomes *fisik*, and, *patient* is written *pashunt*. Starting with this radical change in the orthography of the language, by the use of the simplest lines and curves as consonants the Phonographer is enabled to chase the orator in his most rapid flights and catch with magic pen the living torrent of his words. Yet, simple as are the principles upon which the science depend it must not be imagined that it may be mastered in a short space of time or with little labor, when it is remembered that an ordinary speaker will utter from three to four words every second, and that, as a general rule every consonant in every word is to be appropriately represented, it will be understood that the memory must be strongly taxed and the hand well tutored before verbatim reporting can be attempted with success. Any one moderately quick in the use of the pen should be able to write with ease by practicing an hour daily for a year—but a much greater period is required to give that readiness of touch and facility in reading the characters which distinguishes the experienced reporter. Few are aware how much we are indebted to the Phonographer. While we read and admire the masterpieces of the great orators of this and other lands we seldom think how amid tumult and applause the silent but unresting pencil of the reporter has traced the words as they fell from the lips of the eloquent, and transmitted them an imperishable legacy to the Future. Truly now, are the discreet words of the Roman poet verified in a manner never contemplated by himself:

——"Nescit vox missa reverti."

B. R. R.

An exchange tells the story of a preacher who observed that it is a striking proof of the wisdom and benevolence of Providence, that death was placed at the end of life—thus giving time to make the necessary preparation for the event. This calls to mind the profound remarks of the philosopher, who admired the arrangement of placing Sunday at the end of the week instead of the middle, which would make a broken week of it!

Winter at the South.—At St. Helena, La., last week, the orange trees were budded, and corn, sprung from wasted seed, was from five to six inches in height.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. Jan., 10th, 1859.

Proceedings of the Legislature. "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year." The Filibusters. Lectures—Gen. Greene. The Farmers' Bank.

DEAR TIMES:—The Legislature is working away with a good will upon a great variety of subjects and with very commendable despatch; as the time comes nearer and nearer for them to go home to their constituents and give an account of their doings, they will spur themselves up. Evening and night sessions will be "the order of the day" and they will be able to show as long a list of acts and bills as any of their predecessors. There has been some talk in the House about adjourning on the 24th inst., which project met but little favor; the greater and more important part of their business is still before them and they cannot leave before February; by that time they will have done a great deal. The N. C. R. R. has been before the Senate and, with the other roads, has had the benefit of a good talking; the Danville Connection has been similarly favored in the House, and also in the Newspapers. Two Trustees, Gov. Ellis and Gen. Ransom, both Graduates, have been elected; there are ten more required to fill the list and they will probably be nearly equally divided between the two political parties. The Coal fields R. R. Bill has passed its second reading in the Senate, 25 to 14. Good luck be with it! There has been a good deal of talk over sundry fish bills, new counties to be laid off and such like miscellanies. The House has sent to the Senate the Graham College bill, an institution under the care of the "Christians;" Mr. Benbury's motion, to prohibit their granting degrees, having been rejected. Mr. D. F. Caldwell's famous Bank Bill, having been favorably reported on, is the order of the day for the 14th instant.

Merry Christmas and Happy Year are once more numbered with the Past,

"Gone glimmering thro' the dream of things that were
"The school boy's tale, the wonder of an hour."

How much of joy and sorrow, how much light and gloom, poverty and riches has the old year thrown around us!; let us speak softly and kindly of him, as his retreating footsteps die away on our ears and with brave hearts and stout arms reach forward to grasp his successor, nobly resolving, come weal or come woe,

"So to act that each tomorrow
"Find us farther than to day."

or to borrow the idea of a greater POET let us

"Forget the steps already trod,
"And *onward* urge our way.

So doing we shall never mourn departed years, nor bedew their last footprints with unavailing tear drops.

It would seem that at last our relations with Cuba and Central America, by means of the Filibusters, were about to embroil us with England, France or Spain; the war clouds do certainly look black in that quarter and unless matters are much mended, and that speedily, there will be "a fuss in the family." The recent aggressions of the British Cruizers, in boarding and stopping our ships are not sufficiently atoned for by a simple apology and explanation; the frequent repetition of the act needs some forcible and energetic reprisal on our part. And if, during the boarding of the "Washington," one of our vessels had interposed a broadside and knocked the conceit and the brains out of a dozen of the marauders, no more such mistakes would be committed soon. Afterwards we could apologize and explain too. There seems to be trouble brewing in Cuba and even in far away Ireland.

A course of lectures is announced by the young men of Wilmington; the list is a very attractive one, embracing several well known names, among them that of your talented townsman, Hon. R. P. Dick. Mr. Miller's effort in behalf of the Mount Vernon Association is set down for Tuesday night, it will doubtless be a noble one, worthy of the cause and will attract perhaps as great a crowd and produce as much enthusiasm as a certain most eloquent speech of his in the same Hall, defending Whig Principles; the opening of *that remarkable speech* yet lingers in the most hallowed recesses of our memory. In the Congressional proceedings of the 23rd ult. we notice that a petition was presented by Mr. Crittenden, from George Washington Greene, a grand son of Gen. Greene, setting forth that for ten years he has been engaged in collecting and arranging the correspondence of his grand father. The mass consists of more than 6.000 original letters, upwards of 2.000 of which were written by Gen. Greene; these will make ten volumes and he asks Congress to aid him, by taking 2.000 copies at $3 per vol. He also cites the resolution of Congress of 8th August 1786, directing a monument to be erected at the seat of Government to the memory of the hero and quotes the inscription to be put on it and yet that monument has never been erected and not one stone points out the spot where the ashes of the Hero of the South mingled with the soil he saved.

We are glad to be able to state that measures are in progress whereby the notes of the Farmer's Bank, of Elizabeth City will be redeemed in full and all the affairs of that unfortunate Institution will be satisfactorily arranged and placed on a secure basis for the future. One portion of the plan is to establish the Principal Bank at Greensboro.

Yours &c, P. S. S.

Camels on the Farm.

We are pleased to see that an experiment is to be made in Louisiana to test the utility of introducing Camels on the farm to take the place of the Mule and the Horse in many uses of the farm. If the experiment succeeds, before many years all the Southern States will be well stocked with this useful animal. Noticing the arrival in New Orleans of a number of these animals on the 30th ultimo, the *Delta* says:

"Accustomed to judge of the capacity of the camel by the specimens which are exhibited in menageries, we were astonished to see such large and powerful animals as those which Mr. Machado has imported. Those now at Algiers are but 12 out of 92 which were safely landed at Galveston; the others have been left in Texas, the climate of which is admirably adapted to the habits and nature of this animal.

"The object of Mr. Machado's enterprise is to demonstrate to our planters the worth of camels for all agricultural purposes, and create a demand for them, which demand he possesses peculiar facilities for supplying, having agents in Africa and the Canary Islands, through whom he can buy camels at the cheapest rate and of the best quality, and being the owner of several fine ships adapted to the transportation of these animals.

Mr. Machado maintains, and holds himself ready to prove, that for all purposes of labor and draught, the camel is equal to four mules—that it is more docile—that it requires less care—lives to a much greater age than the mule, and is a breeding animal. Those which he has now on exhibition at Algiers, bears him out in these averments. Several of them are of very large size, and one of them weighs eighteen hundred pounds, and measures eight and a half feet in height; and all of those full grown are capable of drawing burdens of fifteen and sixteen hundred pounds, with which they easily rise, kneeling to the word of command. Saddles are constructed for them upon which three or four persons can ride very comfortably. We saw one of the medium sized animals trot off very nimbly yesterday with five persons in the saddle. We learn that Mr. Machado will retain thes animals here some days, with a view of selling them to some planters, in order to try the experiment of their fitness for the uses of our culture.

"The reports of all the officers who have been entrusted with the care and employment of camels for working purposes, concur in the most emphatic testimonials to their great value; and the Secretary of War, in his last message, recommends the purchase of a large number for the use of the army. To induce their adoption as domestic and farming animals is, therefore, the present desire and aim of the enterprising gentleman who has brought the fine lot of animals now at Algiers."

Great Fire in Memphis.

The Memphis papers report a conflagration more extensive than any recorded in that city for some years.

The papers of Thursday morning say:

Early yesterday morning our city was thrown into intense excitement by the occurrence of one of the most extensive and fearful conflagrations with which it has ever been visited, involving not only an immense destruction of property, but of human life. Nearly the whole square, from Adams to Washington-streets, on Front Row, is one complete mass of ruin. Amidst the confusion and excitement which such a scene of disaster produces, it is quite impossible to determine with accuracy to what extent losses are sustined, and the whole number of those on whom they fall.

The fire is supposed to have originated in a bowling saloon, kept by W. J. Whitsitt, which was nearly in the centre of the square, and is thought to be the work of an incendiary. Some, however, say that it originated in an adjoining house, kept by an Irishman as a boarding house. It was about four o'clock yesterday morning when first discovered by Mr. Teufel, who was one of the first who gave the alarm of fire, at which time the wind was blowing from S. W. to N. E., but soon changed from S. to N., causing the flames to spread through the square with astonishing rapidity. Nearly a quarter of an hour had elapsed from the time the alarm was given before the Fire Companies arrived, and, owing to the difficulty of getting water, and the strong wind that was blowing at the time, the flames soon made such headway, that all efforts to subdue them were unavailing. About fifteen buildings were destroyed, most of which were brick, and three story houses.

The district burned was, perhaps, the most densely populated in the city, and by this sad visitation many poor families have been left without homes. This fire has occasioned, perhaps, more real distress than any former one which ever occurred in Memphis.

Shocking Tragedy.

At Detroit on the 25th ult., Michael McNemar attempted to murder his wife and step-daughter, in order to obtain $4,000 left them by a relative. The girl was about 15 years of age, and was frightfully cut about the neck and hands, and as was her mother. The Free Press says:

The first intimation the intended victims had of the intentions of the father and husband, was his coming up the stairs into the back chamber, where the family, consisting of the mother, the oldest daughter and four little ones, ranging from two to ten years old, were in the act of retiring the mother was on her knees, in the act of praying, with her little ones already in bed, when he advanced to a position behind her, took her by the hair, and pulled her head back.

The exact nature of the struggle between the two is difficult to give from the fact she refused to describe it for the fear of implicating him—a most extraordinary instance of woman's fidelity, under extreme circumstances. He succeeded in inflicting several severe wounds on her throat, and then probably becoming fearful lest the children should make their escape and give the alarm, seized the oldest girl, who was about to run down stairs, and made desperate attempts to cut her throat.

She screamed and struggled with all her strength, using her hands to defend her throat, by which means the razor was drawn directly through one of them, which was cut in a terrible manner. She succeeded in getting away from him after he had cut her neck upon both sides, and cut her head in one or two places. and ran down stairs followed by her mother, and out into the street. The neighbors hearing the screams ran out at the same time, and describes the sight as shocking in the extreme; the two women running for their lives, the blood streaming from their gaping wounds, and besmearing their faces and clothing with its sanguinary color, which, with their fright and screams, rendered a most sickening appearance.

The assassin gave himself up to the police and was sent to prison.

Mistakes of Printers.

Some people are continually wondering at the "carelessness" of editors in allowing so many errers and blunders to appear in their columns, and mar the print. Such people know very little of the difficulties—we had almost said impossibilities—of keeping them out. The most careful attention to these matters will not prevent errors from creeping in, even when professional proof readers are engaged expressly for the purpose. And when it is borne in mind that in most papers such an expense is necessarily dispensed with, and the proofs, on that account, are often hurriedly examined, the fact will no longer appear strange. In connection with this subject, the following anecdote is not inappropriate.

A Glasgow publishing house attempted to publish a work that should be a perfect specimen of typographical accuracy. After having been carefully read by six experienced proof readers, it was posted up in the hall of the University, and a reword of fifty pounds offered to any one who should detect an error. Each page remained two weeks in this place; and yet, when the work was issued, several errors were discovered, one of which was in the *first line of the first page*.

When such was the case in a city long celebrated in Great Britain for publishing the finest and most correct editions of the classics, what is to be expected in a newspaper, which must necessarily be hurried through the press *while it is news*; and when the compensation will hardly afford one "experienced proof reader," let alone six. The wonted accuracy of our papers is really astonishing.

QUICK TRIP.—The steamship Prince Albert, of the Galway line, which left St. John's on the night of the 10th ult., ran to the Irish shore in five days and sixteen and a half hours, and delivered a synopsis of the President's message, with other important news. This is the quickest trip ever made between Europe and America.

☞ The *Greensboro' Times* has become a large pictorial in quarto form.—*Salisbury Banner.*

Personal.

Hon. S. A. Douglas has been re-elected U. S. Senator from Illinois, for six years from the 4th of March next.

Benson J. Lossing, Esq., is engaged in preparing for the press the Memoirs and Writings of George Washington Parke Custis.

Barnum is in London, delivering his lecture on Money-making.

Dr. Thomas Holly Chivers, a writer of considerable southern celebrity, died of dropsy, at Decatur, Ga., on the 18th ult.

DEATH OF JUDGE SAMUELS.—The Richmond papers announce the death of Judge Green B. Samuels, of the Court of Appeals. He died Wednesday afternoon at about 3 o'clock, at his lodgings at the Powhatan house.

Judge Samules was, we suppose, some sixty-five or more years old. He had been long a public man, and had for some years worn the highest judicial honors of the State. He was a man of gentle and unpretending manners, after the style of the old school of public men, and enjoying that best test of worth, the warm esteem and respect of the people of his district—his neighbors.

Hon. George Eustis, Senior, formerly Chief Justice of Louisiana, died at his residence in New Orleans on 22d Dec. Judge Eustis was the father of the present member of Congress from New Orleans.

Santa Anna, the ex-Dictator of Mexico, has recently purchased an estate on the Island of St. Thomas for $40,000. His wife, disgusted with his brutalities, has left him and gone to Havana.

Thomas Hart Benton, jr., has been appointed superintendent of public instruction in Iowa.

Grace Greenwood (Mrs. Sarah Lippincott) is lecturing upon "the life and character of Joan of Arc"

The Massachusetts Legislature has reelected the Hon. Henry Wilson to the U. S. Senate for six years from the 4th of March next.

TREASURE AND LIFE.—Among the incidents related by the Columbus (Ga.) Sun as occurring at the late terrible railroad disaster near there, are the following:

One passenger, when he discovered something was wrong with the cars, laid hold his carpet bag, in which was money a number of valuable papers and clothing and he held his grasp until he had floated some two hundred yards down the creek, when finding from its accumulated weight that one of the two things was inevitable, that either life or his treasure had to go, he let it loose and soon found the shore.

Mr. Fickelberger, of Miss., had fifteen hundred dollars in bank bills in a roll in a pocket of his pants, and the pocket pinned up, but in the scramble for life in the stream, a naughty limb had to thrust itself into his pocket, ripping it open and discharging its contents into the stream. He also had sixteen hundred dollars in gold belted around his body.

INTENSE COLD IN NEW YORK.—A Correspondent writing Tuesday 11th, says:

Cold, dreary, bitter, winter weather is upon us in all its intensity. Yesterday was a day long to be remembered, the thermometer being in several sections of the city six to ten degrees below zero. The philosopher of "Brooklyn Heights," Mr. Merriam, pronounces it the coldest day we have had for seventy years, but in this he is certainly mistaken. The streets were almost deserted, and those who were compelled to be out suffered severely. A woman was found frozen to death in Second avenue. An omnibus driver named Webb was found sitting on his box opposite the Astor House totally helpless from the effects of the weather. Another driver was frozen to death.—Several persons had either their feet, ears or fingers frost bitten.

A BOY'S TONGUE FROZEN TO A LAMP-POST.—On Saturday morning a little fellow, about eight years old, a son of Mr. Gilleau, bookseller, while playing with some other boys on North street, approached a lamp post and carelessly applied his tongue to its gray frosted surface, when in an instant to the boy's own horror and utter astonishment of his playmates, he was held fast by his tongue to the post, suffering very severe pain, and totally unable to help or extricate himself. Various applications of warm tea, steam, &c., were made by some neighbors, who heard the unusual noise made by the other boys who came to learn what was the matter, but of no avail, such was the action of the cold iron that the hold was even getting tighter. When after about ten minutes had elapsed the boy's father heard of the affair, and hastening to his relief, he took a knife and was obliged to cut the tongue loose, leaving its skin still fast to the post and causing the blood to flow very profusely. Immediately on his release the poor little fellow became insensible, and was taken home.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Picture of a Swell.

BY PONINGOE.

If e'er you see a strutting dapper fellow
Whose face, insipid with conceit, is mellow;
With head erect, as if his pate aspires
To reach the sky where burn the Day-King's fires;
With beaver hat, of Genin's recent model,
Placed *a la mode* upon his shampoo'd noddle;
With Byron collar exquisitely graced,
And neck-tie 'ranged with perfect Brummell taste;
With linen shirt, starch-saturated,
And vest, with fancy watch-chain freighted;
With little gloves, with fingers taper-ending
And pants too tight to admit of bending;
With stub-toed boots which many a corn conceal
And Shanghai coat extending to the heel;
With thin "goatee" and moustache sparsely grown,
With prime cigar, and cane of buff whalebone,
"Know this great truth," as by you he doth pass,
He's a new invention from the land of GAS.
He imitates as well as he can do
The Frenchman and his jargon *parle vous*,
Until by bungling, uncouth imitation,
He works himself into amalgamation;
Becomes a local nuisance in the eyes
Of all who Fashion's sappy laws despise.
But then, you know, in this "fast" age of wonder,
He gains the most who makes the loudest thunder,
And NONSENSE drest in Fashion's robes and chains
Has more demand than AMPLITUDE OF BRAINS.

CELEBRATION AT NEW ORLEANS.—The anniversary of the battle of New Orleans was made the occasion of a most imposing celebration. A military and civic procession took place, in which the appearance of Gen. Scott was a principal feature.

THE GREENSBORO TIMES.—This paper comes to us handsomely improved, and is, really, one of the best Family papers with which we are acquainted. We wish its enterprising proprietors success commensurate with its merits.—*Goldsboro Tribune.*

NORTH CAROLINA STATE BONDS sold in New York on 1st inst. at 100¼.

MARRIED,

In the vicinity of Salisbury, N. C., the 11th inst., by Rev. H. T. Hudson, Mr. F. S. GREENE, of Statesville, and Miss SARAH C. McCLENLAND.

At the residence of the bride's father, in Person county, on the 23d ult., Miss VIRGINIA TOWNSEND, daughter of James Townsend, to Rev. MOSES J. HUNT, of the N. C. Conference.

At the residence of R. Walker, Esq., in Rockingham county, on the 4th inst., by the Rev. William J. Ogburn, Mr. WILLIAM P. MOORE to Miss LODOSCA A. M. SCOTT, all of Rockingham county, N. C.

In Davidson county, on the 23rd of December, by Rev. M. L. Wood, Mr. WILEY K. WELBORN, of Randolph, and Miss MIRANDA E., daughter of Moses Holmes, deceased, of Davidson.

Near Jonesville, at the residence of the bride's father, on the 22d of December, by Rev. N. F. Reid, Mr. L. J. CHEELY and Miss MARY V. MORRISON.

DIED,

In this county, on the 24th of December, 1858, Mrs. JANE DONNELL, wife of Mr. Emsley Donnell, in the 37th year of her age.

In Victoria, Texas, on the 12th of December, 1858, of Fever, after a lingering illness of about three weeks, DUNCAN C. COBLE, aged about 22 years.

The deceased had only resided in Texas about twelve months. He leaves a fond mother, with numerous friends to mourn their loss. But, thank God, we have testimony that our loss is his eternal gain. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord! henceforth they are freed from their labors and their works do follow them. COMMUNICATED.

1859. **For Every Body!** 1859.

The Largest, the Cheapest,

THE BEST!!

The Times;

AN ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN FAMILY PAPER;

Commenced its Fourth Volume 1st January, 1859. Enlarged to eight pages, beautifully **ILLUSTRATED** and printed on the finest article of white paper, with a new Press and new Copper-faced Type—thus making it the largest and neatest paper published in the South; and equal in every respect to any similar paper published in Philadelphia or New York.

☞ **TERMS** in advance: 1 copy $2; 6 copies $10; 10 copies $15; 50 copies $50 ☜ And One Copy to the Getter up of a Club.

Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

☞ Editors will confer a favor by inserting or noticing. ☜

F. J. PILLINER,

Lithographer, Fancy Printer and Engraver, North West Corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. Illuminated Title Pages, Book Illustrations, Views of Buildings and Machinery; Maps, Charts, Certificates, Deplomas, Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars; Druggists', Perfumers' and Wine Labels, Manufacturers' and Dry Goods Tickets, &c., in Black or in Colors.

Orders from the country promptly attended to. 2:3m

All JOB WORK, Executed with Neatness, Accuracy, and Dispatch, at this Office.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, Jan. 15, 1859.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

Contributors.

We present a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

F. W. CARUTHERS, D.D.,	GEO. W. COTHRAN,
WM. R. HUNTER,	R. G. STAPLES,
J. STARR HOLLOWAY,	STEPHEN F. MILLER,
Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY,	Prof. E. F. ROCKWELL,
J. WOODRUFF LEWIS,	MATILDA C. SMILEY,
S. J. C. WHITTLESEY,	FINLEY JOHNSON,
MARY W. JANVRIN,	LOTTIE LINWOOD,
WILLIE E. PABOR,	CLARA AUGUSTA,
INA CLAYTON,	A. PERRY SPERRY,
C. G. DUNN,	Mrs. DI VERNON,
ANNA M. BATES,	PAUL RIVINWOOD,
GRACE MILWOOD,	Mdm. O. W. LeVERT,
Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON,	Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS,
ED. ST. GEO. COOKE,	CHARLES E. W. DOBBS,
Mrs. C. HUTCHINS,	H. A. DWIGHT,
and others.	and others.

SPECIMEN NUMBERS: Being the first of a New Year and a new Volume, the best time to commence a subscription, we send out a number of extra copies throughout the different States, and respectfully solicit the patronage of all into whose hands a copy may fall. The TIMES is intended to be an acceptable visitant into every family and especially in the Southern States. It now modestly asks a kindly welcome.—Examine the paper, the list of writers, the articles of this number, their moral and elevating tendency, and remember it is a Southern enterprise, a HOME paper.

The New Volume.

Having made heavy outlay of labor and money for the improvement of the TIMES, it is a source of much gratification to know our efforts have not been in vain. The first number of the new volume has met with a welcome beyond even our expectations. By many no doubt, the promises of improvement were deemed exceedingly extravagant, especially for a paper not having the honor of hailing from New York or Boston, and still more especially, being printed within the territory of a little strip of land, lying between two States. The Times, however, is before the public, to be its own witness, and we feel much gratified to know a verdict has been pronounced in its favor.

Now, kind readers, we have fulfilled our promises—have spent much of our means to make the TIMES a worthy visitant for all our homes; and we desire that you will help us to increase its circulation, that every family may become a regular recipient of its weekly visits. As you deem it worthy of support, we hope you will extend your encouragement. It is to our present readers, to a very considerable extent, that we must look for an extended circulation. Show your copy to your friends, that they may become acquainted with the TIMES; see what it is, and thus be induced to subscribe for it.—If you wish additional specimen copies for getting up clubs, they will be forwarded. Published the present size, with the illustrations, the quality of the articles and the quality of the paper, a greatly increased circulation is demanded to meet the increased expenses. We are happy to state that new subscribers are coming in daily; but that we may not stop at our present attainments, we hope *all* who are interested in seeing a first class family paper in the South, firmly established in our midst, will give the TIMES their patronage and encouragement. From present indications, we feel confident our circulation will be greatly increased this year, and we await anxiously to hear from our friends in all the Southern States.

GOV. GRAHAM'S LECTURE:—Owing to sickness, the Lecture before the Greene Monument Association by Hon. William A. Graham, has been postponed until Thursday night, 20th inst. The Lecture will be delivered in the Presbyterian Church, and the public generally are invited to attend.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH; and other Poems, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, pp. 215, Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1859.

The publication of a new volume of Poems by Mr. Longfellow is an event of no small interest to the literary world, and one which we may not allow to pass with a mere announcement of it. The author has been before the public so long, and has filled so large a space in the general eye, that his rank among the Poets of our country may well be supposed to have been already definitely settled. His successive volumes, both in verse and prose, have been received with so universal commendation, and his title to a, if not *the*, foremost place among the authors of our land and age, has been so often affirmed, that it were easy for us now to take this all for granted, and simply add our uncritical voice to the common, and we must say, undiscriminating applause, with which his appearance is now, as always, greeted. Yet we think it due to Mr. Longfellow's true fame, and great merits, that his position should be established on the grounds of a clear, searching, impartial criticism. Sooner or later this must be done. It is an ordeal, through which all aspirants after a high literary reputation must pass. And while we believe that the application of such true and genuine criticism may change somewhat the place he occupies in popular estimation, we are sure it would also bring out in distinct relief and ascertain to a perpetual acknowledgement, his genuine and most excellent merits.

We have at present neither time nor space for such a task, nor will we undertake to do what should be done well, if done at all. We will confess however that we think Mr. Bryant belongs to a, not only different, but far higher order, in the Hierarchy of poets. We do not think that Prof. Longfellow can be compared in genius, or in the power of poetical expression with Mr. Richard H. Dana; whom, though his writings are almost unknown in this part of the country, we are disposed to place at the head of the list of American Poets. We are by no means sure that the verdict of posterity will not assign to Mr. J. R. Lowell even a higher rank than to Mr. Longfellow. We are aware that comparisons of this sort are very unsatisfactory, and often must be unjust; for we hardly measure them all by the same standard. Yet this antithesis of names is after all the popular method, and may, as well as any other, serve to indicate our judgment of the merits of Mr. Longfellow.

Were we to use a mode of contrast which Mr. Coleridge has made somewhat fashionable, we should say that the greater part of Mr. Longfellow's poetry seems to us a construction, not a growth. He seems to have selected his subjects, often with much skill too, with a deliberate regard to their susceptibility of being treated poetically; and then with equal deliberateness to build up their several parts and features, which suit his purpose, into that unity which gives them grace and effect, and fairly entitles the products to be called poems. We do not doubt that all poets go through this same process. Yet in some few and those of the highest order, the steps of the process are not apparent. The result seems to come of an inspiration, not of contrivance. In all cases of true poetry the idea which originates the whole, runs through it, moulds it, gives it oneness, and form, and life, which makes it a creation, constitutes it a living organisation, and not a mere dead mass however fair outwardly, must be an inspiration. Under the guidance of this originant thought all minor and related thoughts, and forms of beauty spontaneously group themselves, and become the natural, and symmetrical outgrowths of it. The whole must produce an entire impression on the reader, and all the parts must so simply and readily co-operate in that impression, as in a well wrought picture, that there shall be no sense of parts and separate relations. We confess in this essential of the highest forms of true poetry, Prof. Longfellow seems to us by no means eminently to excell.

Were we to apply to him the distinction, the clear sharpness of which we owe to Mr. Words..orth, between Imagination and Fancy, we can not but think the latter quality by far the most conspicuous in him. There is in his verses much grace and choiceness in the use of language, very many beautiful images, figures and sentiments wrought with subtle skill to the most rare effects. Yet in the singular power, which is the peculiar function of the Imagination, of fusing thought and feeling into a glowing whole, and investing external objects and incidents with genuine human sympathies and affections, he falls far short of what a poet of the highest order should attain. We believe that one source of this defect lies in the peculiar character of his sentiments and views of human life and destiny. They have too much that is morbid about them, too little of the cheerful, bright, hopeful. His Psalms of life, though tender, have a sombre cast also: and his voices of the Night have more of darkness and gloom, than of the soft splendors of the moon, or the everlasting light of stars.

But we began intending not so much to enter into a formal criticism of Mr. Longfellow's poetical character, as to give our readers some account of his new volume. None of them, who are at all familiar with the Early history of New England, can have forgotten the grim Puritan Captain, Miles Standish, or the anecdote of his second courtship. The story runs, that, the first year after the Pilgrims reached Plymouth, Captain Standish lost his wife, the beautiful Rose Standish, "the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower:" that soon thereafter, before the Mayflower started homeward, the Captain sought to repair his loss by wooing "the angel whose name is Priscilla:" that instead of speaking out his choice, as so valiant a man should have done, he employed John Alden, "the fairhaired, taciturn stripling," as the messenger and advocate of his love; that John himself, was not insensible to the charms of "the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth," who, in her turn, preferred the youthful messenger to the venerable Captain: and that, while he was faithfully urging the suit of Standish, the maiden interrupted his pleadings with the unexpected, but not unwelcome question, "why do you not speak for yourself, John?" The issue of the affair was of course,—after much hesitation and sorrowful doubt for Standish's sake, who in his despair had gone to the Indian wars,—the marriage of Alden and Priscilla; the whole being rounded off by the safe return of Standish, just in time to approve and bless the nuptials. The moral of the story is repeated more than once;

"If you wish a thing to be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others."

This subject is one which admits of many picturesque situations, and much poetical embellishment. With all their sternness, and gravity, and worldly wisdom, there were lofty elements in the Puritan character, a poetical side to it, which, it seems to us, is capable, in the hands of a master, of the very highest effects. Mr. Longfellow has certainly done well with it, though, we are persuaded, he might have done much better.

The choice of the hexameter verse, though in some respects well suited to the purposes of a poetical narrative, is unfortunate. It seems to be a favorite with our Author, and he has managed it as successfully as perhaps any one could have done. In the pauses, and cadences, and the musical succession of dactyles and spondees, he has well shown the niceness of his own ear and judgment. But this metre is, after all, unweildy, or monotonous. It never has been, and we are satisfied it never will be naturalized in our language. We like it well enough in Homer, and Virgil; and can rather more than bear it in the sonorous and sturdy verse of old Chapman—in him, perhaps, because he is translating Homer—but neither in Longfellow, nor Kingsly, nor in any writer in our own tongue, have we been able to relish it. It is essentially un-English.

Touching the poetical character of this work, we will confess frankly our judgment, that had it appeared without the name of the Author, it would not have attracted very much attention, nor have earned for the writer of it any high rank among American Poets. There are many purely prosaic lines in it, of which the moral, which we have quoted above is a fair specimen. It is not merely a simple plainness of expression; it is pure prose. What, again shall we say of such verses as these!

Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar,
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London

The treatment of the affectionate relations of the parties, the yearning passion of Standish, the conflict of love and friendship in the heart of Alden, and the straight forward simplicity of the maiden, is on the whole natural and simple. Yet we think that our Author excells far more in the painting of external nature, than in the delineation of human sympathies and affections. And here, we observe that his pictures are made up by a felicitous combination of particulars, and never flashed upon the eye of the reader by a single, magic word, or pregnant epithet.

Instead, however, of discoursing further of the poem, we prefer to quote the pictures we find in it of the then most conspicuous personages. And so, scriatim, Standish, Alden, and Priscilla. The first passage too is the opening of the volume.

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish, the Puritan Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of his chamber,—
Cutlass and corslet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,
While underneath in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket and matchlock,
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend, and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
Fair haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty there of, as the captives
Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles but Angels."
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the May Flower.

Those first two lines about John Alden—are surely prosaic enough. But for the maiden, whom Alden finds as he goes on his embarassing errand.

Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden,
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion,
Open wide on her lap lay the well-won psalm-book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a church yard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of homespun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being.

There is a number of fugitive pieces which follow "the Courtship," and make out the Volume: They are grouped under the title of "Birds of Passage." Many of them are already familiar to the public, having first appeared in Magazines and newspapers. Some of them are eminently graceful and touching, and all of them exhibit the high excellences, and most of the peculiarities of the writer, his fine fancy, his rare mastery of poetical language, his delicate and refined scholarship, and his pure, and tender, though sometimes, if we may so phrase it, shadowy and wan sentiment. We will particularise as especially pleasing to us. The Golden Mile-Stone, Santa Filomena, Haunted Houses, and The Ladder of Saint Augustine. Some few of them are to us, we will own, tantalizing and unsatisfactory; such are my Lost Youth, Day Break, The Emperor's Bird's-Nest.

We copy, in conclusion, one of the minor pieces, which we wish had been left out. We must protest too against the detestable word—detestable for poetical uses, we mean—with which this, in the main beautiful, poem closes.

THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE.

Leafless are the trees: their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like roefs of coral,
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the village,
Like the Afreet in the Arabian story,
Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering fire-light
Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer;
Social watch-fires.
Answering one another through the darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are glowing,
And like Ariel in the cloven pine-tree
For its freedom
Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in them.

By the fireside there are old men seated,
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,
Asking sadly
Of the Past what it can ne'er restore them.

By the fireside there our youthful dreamers,
Building castles fair, with stately stairways,
Asking blindly
Of the Future what it can not give them.

By the fireside tragedies are cited
In whose scenes appear two actors only,
Wife and husband,
And above them God the sole spectator.

By the firesides there are peace and comfort,
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,
Waiting, watching
For a well-known footstep in the passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-Stone;
Is the central point, from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it;
Hears the talking flame, the whispering night-wind,
As he heard them
When he sat with those who were, but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city,
Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we can not
Buy with gold the old associations.

The Geological Survey.

It is a matter of regret that the Legislature have seriously entertained the proposition to abolish the Geological Survey of the State. We call it geological, as that is the proper title of this enterprise, we believe, though the plan of it embraces an especial reference to the agricultural and mining interests also. We can not believe that any large number of our Representatives, or of our people, have come to the conclusion that this undertaking ought to be abandoned. We well remember the general feeling of satisfaction, with which the ordering of this Survey was greeted, and the hopes which were expressed almost every where of large results in profit and convenience to our State and people. We had long before taken some credit to ourselves, prided ourselves even on the fact that North Carolina was the first among the States of the Union to institute what was then purely a geological survey. When the scheme was renewed, and so enlarged as to include almost all the material interests of the commonwealth, all good citizens anticipated, or at least hoped for such a development of the resources of the State, as would give new impulses to the general prosperity, and discover to ourselves, and to the world, that North Carolina was a State in which a man might be willing, and even proud to live. After careful inquiry for the person most competent to discharge the duties of this most important office, Prof. Emmons was selected.—His previous history and high reputation fully justified the choice. He had held a similar office, and discharged like duties, in the State of New York. In that region, where scientific men are not scarce, and the published results of scientific investigations of this sort undergo a diligent scrutiny, his labors met with general acceptance and the approval of his own profession.

It can not, we are confident, be truly affirmed that Prof. Emmons has neglected his duties here, or that the results of his labors are unimportant. The volumes of Reports which he has given to the public show that he has not been idle, and that,—while he may have given especial attention to interests, or localities, of an especial importance,—he has distributed his cares and efforts through the State with a good degree of impartiality. The coalfields of the Deep river owe the most of their present worth to him; and surely the mines of Guilford have not been overlooked.

The work in which he is engaged is one of great extent, and the complete execution of it requires much time, as well as intelligent skill. Prof. Emmons has mapped out his region of labor, and done much to bring it towards its completion. Should he be displaced, and the project given up, what he has accomplished will be well nigh thrown away; and when, at some future day, the scheme shall be taken up again, his successor must go over the same ground, and waste both time and money to regain what it has cost us so much to acquire, and what, when acquired, we refuse to keep.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

She Died Upon an Autumn Day.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

She died upon an autumn day
Just as the summer rose had faded
And the sere traces of decay
Among the garden Vines were braided:
The dawning sky was clear and red
Across it happy birds were flying,
When those who wept around her bed
Saw that the gentle one was dying.

Above her weary couch of pain
The weeks and months had wandered over,
Daisies had smiled 'neath April rain
And summer lit the blossomed clover:
Now Autumn's leaves were gold and red,
She said her farewells very slowly,
And then the imprisoned spirit fled,
That made the frail earth-temple holy.

Along the chapel's solemn aisle
A sable draperied throng are going
They bear no flowers, they wear no smile,
Instead the mournful tear is flowing;
Amid the organ's pealing dirge
They lay the dear form on the altar,
Her soul has crossed the swelling surge
To Him whose love doth never falter.

Without, beneath the pleasant skies,
The birds sing round her native river,
We only see the calm closed eyes,
The graceful form at rest forever;
We know that o'er the Wood-paths lying,
Smile purple asters all abloom—
She loved them once, she who is lying
Here for the dark and silent tomb.

How shall we miss her in her home
Thro' weary months and years of sadness,
Long for her vanished smile and tone,
Her presence ever full of gladness!
Altho' we feel in Heaven's bright rest
She dwells a radiant angel spirit,
Amid the pleasures of the blest
Such as the pure in heart inherit!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

CHARLIE AND ALENA;

OR,

"There is a Silver Lining to every Cloud."

BY INEZ GREY.

CHAPTER III.

MR. Gray, early the next morning, called at the clothing establishment for Charlie, who had remained in the basement of the building, waiting on old Maggy whom he had begun to love, for she was so good and spoke so kindly to him, sometimes giving him a cake and a bit of cheese.

He came forth trembling, dreading to encounter the gaze of his old master. He was soon equipped in a gay dress, with a blue-tasseled cap. He felt that he was indeed a little prince, so proud did he walk.

A servant conveyed his trunk, and traveling sack to the depot, soon he heard the whistle of the engine, and a few moments they were in full speed.

Everything seemed so new and strange he forgot home, his past sorrow, Alena and everything, and he never awoke to reality until he was entering the University of Gattingten.

During the whole of his course at the gymnasium, from the first day, on which he recited to a master, to the time, long afterwards, when he was prepared to enter the University, he acquitted himself to the admiration of his master, and delight of all his acquaintances.

We pass over many years. And upon a bench, in the middle of the spacious room, sits Charlie Graham, attentively listening to the abstract sentences which dropped from the lips of the lecturer. Tall and muscular, and of a noble, generous, manly cast of features, he would attract attention anywhere, as one of Nature's masterpieces. A mass of ringlets, as black as night, surrounded or rather encircled his head, and a moustache of the same raven hue, exquisitely curled, ornamented his lip. His dress is simple and unpretending, not mean, however, and cut in the style which would have declared him anywhere, a student of Gattingten.

The term was over, vacation commenced, and the majority of the students had departed to their several homes, or to some gay watering place, to pass the two months of leisure which followed the examination.

The few who remained at their lodgings, were either over-studious men, striving for the honors or those who, without thought of honors, were endeavoring to make up in the vacation, for the time wasted the previous term.

Three persons, however, yet haunted the deserted spot, and prowled listlessly about the accustomed places, for a different reason, from either of the foregoing. These were Dick Rhombust, who was preparing himself for the profession of a civil engineer; Charlie Graham, who intended to become a second Astley Cooper, and Clide Hurst, who was at times very gay and joyous, and then sober and very studious.

The reason of their still remaining objectless about the college, was from no disinclination upon their part, to participate in the pleasures of their gay and more fortunate classmates.

On the contrary, none would have enjoyed with keener zest a summer tour, or a sea-side flirtation, than those gay students, had such a thing been possible; but the old stalwart curse, that for ages has kept so many stout fellows fettered, supine and inactive, who otherwise might have kicked and cuffed the world into an acknowledgment of their abilities and deservings, had fallen heavily upon them, and poverty, like the old gentleman, who burdened the shoulders of that much-enduring mariner, Captain Sinbad, clung to them with a pertinacity that mocked their efforts to shake off the unloved companionship, shook they ever so fiercely.

The similarity of their circumstances and tastes, as well as the fact that they were the only lodgers in the same house, made them fast and constant friends—not that they were the only ones in the college, who writhed under the disgrace of poverty, but they were mostly men whose temperaments differed materially from theirs. In their heart of hearts, they felt themselves superior to the poorer students of their time. It is true, not many rich, not many mighty, not many noble, stumbled over the rickety stairs, or bumped their heads against the corners of the dark passage in the endeavor to find the way to their attic, nor was their acquaintance desired; for to poor men of wealthy ideas, like theirs, a rich companion could only be a source of humiliation.

Long and able arguments took place in their rooms upon the subject of the immense importance and dignity of man, considered as a stark-naked animal without a copper to his name. But these discussions never generated any hard feelings among them as they invariably took the affirmative side of the question, and their decision was always unanimous. Voluminous articles, treating of the vanity of wealth and its possessors, and abounding in scathing sarcasm, were dispatched periodically to the office of the University Gazette, in which interesting sheet, the mammon-serving and unappreciative editor usually caused the titles only to appear, under the head of "articles declined." Interminable walks strengthened their muscles, and very short black pipes, with very strong tobacco, was their only dissipation. Upon the whole it is probable they enjoyed themselves quite as well as their more favored classmates.

A deep sigh would, however, occasionally escape along with the tobacco-smoke, as they saw some of their favored classmates whirling along in a dashing turnout, or with "nods, and becks and wreathed smiles," doing the agreeable to a bevy of young beauties, with any one of whom they would have given all their worldly possessions to be upon such intimate terms. But envious or repining thoughts were speedily banished with good old stoical resolutions, and though their path lay across the slough of despond, they pushed stoutly onward, well knowing the treacherous ground upon which they trod, nor did they stop to gaze at, and envy the happiness of others.

There was one object, however, for which every student in the University, including themselves, wished and strove in vain, the wealthy and aristocratic, being equally unsuccessful with themselves. Opposite the college green, stood an old mansion of imposing appearance, occupied by a stern-looking, hard-featured, elderly gentleman of decidedly unprepossessing form and address, who had, under his charge as a ward, a veritable angel—at least she went by no other name among the students, than "our angel," and there was a sort of tradition among them to the effect that she had, by some accident, in early life lost her wings, and was only stopping at her present residence until they should grow again, when they might expect any fine morning to see her soaring upwards with all the velocity and true grace of Mr. Green, the celebrated aeronaut.

The history of this young lady was very well known to every individual connected with the college, and was the first lesson learned by the young student upon being introduced to his *Alma Mater*. She was the only daughter of an old gentleman, who had passed the greater portion of his life in India where he had accumulated an immense fortune, counting, it was said, by millions. This daughter was the child of his old age and the delight of his heart, the declared heiress of his enormous wealth. Upon the death of his wife, which occurred soon after the birth of her child, he gave up his business in disgust, and with his daughter and his wealth, returned to England, to the home of his boyhood, and the old house before-mentioned which had for years been closed. But the change of scene and occupation acted unfavorably upon a debilitated constitution, and he had barely time to set his temporal house in order before he was summoned to undertake that long journey beyond the river, leaving his daughter and property to the sole care and guardianship of an old Indian friend, in whom he placed the most implicit confidence. But our angel, or Mary Addison, to use the name which of right belonged to her, found a wide difference between the indulgent care of her father and the stern severity of her guardian, who at once adopted a course of proceeding which called down upon his head the loud and deep maledictions of the students, if not the young lady herself.

She had arrived at the age of ages, sixteen, and certainly a more lovely creature never stood beneath a sun-shade, or dazzled the eyes and understandings of susceptible young gentlemen, than when, at long intervals, her graceful little figure emerged from the gloomy and unused portals of the lonely mansion, and tripped lightly, yet fearfully, across the college green.

It was in vain the more adventurous and aspiring of the students sought an acquaintance with the object in question; the zealous care of her guardian prevented the most distant approach to familiarity. From the death of her father, any other man than himself had never crossed the threshold, and as for all the society she enjoyed, she might as well have been in solitary confinement in the tower.

The object of her guardian in thus secluding her, was believed by the students, and subsequently found to be the fact that he had, by speculating largely in her funds, met with enormous losses, and in some degree, impaired the fortune held in trust for his ward, whose marriage he had every reason to dread, as his mismanagement would thereby be exposed, and himself deprived of the use of her large inheritance.

But a change, great and unexpected, disturbed the harmony of the three students' social trio; there was disaffection in the camp, and Dick Rhombus was the traitor. He began by absenting himself, perhaps one or two nights in the week, gradually increasing to every night when it did not rain. This was not to be borne; they demanded an explanation; Dick refused to give any. They threatened to expel him from their society, but he begged so hard to be allowed to remain, that they consented, upon his solemn assurance, that he was doing nothing that they could disapprove, as he would shortly convince them, although it would be a breach of confidence then to explain.

They were forced to be content with this partial, but by no means satisfactory disclaimer, though they felt hurt that he should keep any secret from them. But this going out of nights, without informing them whither he went, although bad enough in itself, was as nothing compared with the enormity they were destined to behold with their own eyes. A bundle was left at the house during Dick's absence, directed to him. Charlie and Clide, as a matter of course, instituted a strict search into the contents. What was their indignation and horror to behold a new brown dress-coat, black satin vest, and yellow doe skin pants! Now they knew Dick had no money, and as for credit, that was among the impossibilities. They were all in debt to every tailor within a circuit of ten miles, and had it been to save their lives, not one of them could have got trusted for a single farthing. They left the articles in Dick's room, determined that he should explain himself that very night, on pain of instant expulsion from the house. Having decided fully upon this, they returned to their rooms to await his coming; but the sly fellow slipped in unobserved, and changing his somewhat threadbare garments for the new and glossy ones, he slipped out again, his guilty conscience making him dread the scrutiny of his fellow-comrades. They caught sight of him, however, as he crossed the green, and was compelled to own his new clothes became him uncommonly well, though Dick was one of those intolerably handsome fellows, who always looked well in anything. But their hearts were sorrowful.

Could it be that Dick Rhombus, their Dick, the stern republican, the despiser of wealth and the lauder of poverty, had gone over to the enemy? Yet it must be. How else came he by the new clothes? Unable to resist the temptation, he had become the base parasite, flatterer, and had sponged upon some half-fledged lordling, that he might be humiliated by the present of a new suit of clothes now and then, and a few guineas, whenever the noble lord was either drunk or generous. With these bitter fancies in their mind, they sat almost unconscious of the presence of either. Charlie was sitting flat upon the floor, his legs stretched out at full length, in such a manner as to describe a right angle, wholly absorbed in blacking a pair of stout boots. A strong black beard of four days' growth graced his chin; a broad streak of blacking extended from the inner corner of one eye to the angle of the lower jaw, giving a somewhat savage and South Sea islandish expression to his stern countenance, in the centre of which was stuck a short, black pipe, which he was puffing vigorously. Thus they sat, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and Dick bounced into the room. Hastily bolting the door behind him, he began striding up and down the room in the greatest agitation, giving vent to his feelings whatever they were, in a profusion of execrations, upon himself and the world in general.

"I do believe that I am the unluckiest fellow that ever was christened," he burst forth, dashing his hat into the middle of the floor.

"That such a thing as this should happen just at this time; everything going on so nicely, too. But for this, I should be a made man. O, it's enough to drive a man crazy, Charlie!" he exclaimed, passionately, "why in the name of Beelzebub don't you speak to a fellow? Is this what you call friendship—not to assist your friend out of a scrape—nor even to sympathize with him, Charlie! I say?"

"Did you speak to me?" drawled out Charlie, for the first time, discontinuing the blacking of his boots; "what's the matter?"

"Matter, look there!" and Dick pointed from the window with an air like the villain in a tragedy.

Beneath the window was pacing to and fro a decided-looking man, whose profession no poor student could possibly mistake.

"Do you see that?" continued Dick; "that demon's waiting to devour me! Did you ever see such a monster?—such a devil in human form? Look at that demoniac swing of that blue coat-tail, and those fiendish brass-buttons! O, that I had a thirty-two pounder, a sixty-four pounder, a whole battery of siege ordnance, wherewith to annihilate him. Charlie!" he continued, glaring fiercely upon that individual, "you call yourself a chemist; is there no poison that will kill at a distance? I want that villain's blood, and I'll have it!"

"I think it would have a beneficial effect if I were to take about six ounces of blood from you, my fine fellow," remarked Charlie, "you are insane, and I'm very glad of it, as it in some measure accounts for your unjustifiable conduct for the last month or two; but with scientific treatment, such as I am able to furnish, we'll soon bring you round again. So sit down and compose yourself. If you continue to rave in this manner, I shall be obliged to resort to a straight jacket."

"Rave! isn't it enough to make any one rave? Do you know who that man is?" yelled Dick, in a frenzy of passion.

"I think I ought to know him," returned Charlie, calmly, "for a very respectable bailiff, the same one, who besieged me, for something more than a week, with that little account of Smith's, which he never succeeded in getting; but what the deuce ails you about him? so long as you stay in doors, he can't touch you, though I must own, it isn't the pleasantest sight in the world to have one of the tribe constantly before your eyes." As Magim says:

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A bailiff in the street.
'Twas so since from first one I saw;
'Twas so even in the Isle of Man;
'Twill be as even in Newgate's hold,
Or in the fleet;
A trap is hateful to a man!
And my whole course of life shall be
Bent against them in just antipathy!"

"O, confound your quotations!" interrupted Dick, "I know I'm safe, so long as I stay in the house, but I must go out; it's time I was on the spot now;" and Dick strode about the room like a very madman. "I tell you I must go; can't you do anything to get him off the watch, if it's only for ten minutes? But no," he continued, as they made no reply, "your pretended friendship is all a show. I have suspected as much for the last month."

"Peace! thou most uncivil engineer," interrupted Charlie; "if you expect any aid or comfort from us, you must, in the first place, explain your late conduct, and next, let us know what you want to go out for."

"I thought I had told you," replied Dick, confusedly; "I am to be married at seven, and it lacks but twenty minutes of the time."

"Just repeat that speech once more," gasped Charlie, thunderstruck at this announcement; "something must have gone wrong with my ears. You married? Without intending any disrespect, let me ask who, in the name of all that's indigent and poverty-stricken, will marry *you?*"

To their immeasurable surprise and bewilderment, Dick faltered the name of Mary Addison; and in hurried accents, almost incoherent from excitement, he gave them the history of his acquaintance, courtship, proposal and acceptance, going into ecstacies at every mention of her name. He told them how the dear creature, pining to be released from the tyranny of her guardian, had consented that the marriage should take place secretly, that very night; how the guardian, probably suspecting what was going on, from the first, pretended friendship for Dick, in order to frustrate the scheme; how Dick, in the extremity of his need, had accepted a loan of fifty pounds from him, to procure the new clothes, licenses, and so forth; how, upon going to meet his beloved, he had been chased by the bailiff, and barely succeeded in escaping to the house, through his greater length of legs.

"Now," continued Dick, "what am I to do?"

"True," replied Charlie, "what are you to do? but do you mean to say that you were fool enough to allow the guardian to hocus you into the belief that he was your friend, and that you actually borrowed fifty pounds of him?"

"I didn't know but he might have taken a fancy to me," muttered Dick; "besides, what was I to do without money."

"O greenness, thy name is Richard Rhombus, Esq., Civil Engineer," continued Charlie; "thou dolt, thou worse than booby,—Dick Rhombus, you're a fool, and don't deserve a wife."

"I know I'm a fool," whimpered Dick with an air of humility; "but what am I to do? it only wants ten minutes of the time to meet her."

"Something must be done," replied Charlie, thoughtfully. "I'll go down and talk with the bailiff, perhaps we may get an extension."

"Do—do go down and try to do something. If you succeed I'll be the making of you."

"Hold that calf's tongue of yours and don't insult me with any more of your eloquence," spluttered Charlie, with his face in a basin of water, with which he was trying to remove the blacking from his countenance.

Really Dick seemed like he would jump out of his skin, as the saying is, with impatience, during the few minutes of Charlie's negotiations with the bailiff; and his despair was really affecting when Charlie returned with the announcement that he had been unsuccessful. For a few minutes they sat gazing at each other in stupid silence.

"What shall I do?" Dick burst forth. "What say if we arrest the bailiff, bring him up here, and make him fast, till it's over?"

"Won't do," returned Charlie; "only get yourself locked up on a criminal process, which you'd find something worse than this."

"What then shall I do?" he asked, in an agony of excitement. "By heavens! there she is just coming out of the door, and expecting to meet me on the green."

"Send an excuse," suggested Charlie.

"Pooh, an excuse! prevail upon a lady to elope with you, and when she comes to meet you, ask to be excused! I tell you what I will do," continued Dick, with firmness. "This is a desperate case; I shall go down and disable that man, and take the consequences hereafter."

"You'll do no such thing; your arrest would follow before you could get half way across the green. Eureka! I have it!" suddenly exclaimed Charlie; "strip yourself, Dick, strip yourself, off with those goose colored breeches."

"What do you mean?" wonderingly inquired Dick.

"Never mind what I mean, there is no time to talk; just peel, and that quick."

The idea began to dawn upon him, and Charlie was speedily invested with the new clothes, while Dick assumed his old ones.

'Now then," said Charlie, turning to Clide, "you, I believe, have never been arrested by this bailiff; consequently, he don't know that you are a beggar. Go down and pretend that you are going to settle the bill; make a show of your pocket-book, if you happen to possess such a useless article. While you engage his attention, I will slip out and run; he will recognize the clothes as the same Dick had on, when he was after him, and of course, give chase; I will give him a long run, and in the meantime let Dick get spliced with as little delay as possible, for the *ruse* will be discovered."

Dick pressed Clide's hand, imploring him to be successful, and he departed on his delicate mission. The bailiff eyed him suspiciously, as he emerged from the house; but putting on a bold face he accosted him:

"Well, my good fellow," said he, "what's the trouble; how much is this debt of my friend's?"

"The debt," he replied, "is fifty pounds, the costs are;"

"O hang the items; what is the amount?"

"Fifty-four pounds, ten shillings and eight pence."

"Fifty odd pounds!" he repeated, with an air of contempt, at the same time drawing out his pocket-book. "Well spose it's all right if the money is paid to you?"

"O yes,—yes, sir, all right, perfectly."

"Do you happen to have the bill with you, Mr. Bailiff?" he continued, slowly opening the pocket-book.

"Yes, sir, yes sir, here it is," he replied, fumbling over a quantity of papers.

He had manœuvered to get the bailiff's back turned towards the house, and as he reached him the bill, Charlie slipped out and darted across the green unperceived.

"O,—ah—yes, this is the bill, is it? well there is the man who wants to settle it;" and he pointed to Charlie's flying figure, which looked the very picture of Dick, as he skimmed across the college green, some four or five rods in advance.

With something very like an oath, the bailiff crumpled the papers into his hat, and started in pursuit. The race was an exciting one. They were both good runners, and both exerted their strength to the utmost. Across the green and up the street they flew, with surprising velocity, their hair and coat tails streaming straight out behind them in the wind. "Go it, yellow legs, go it, catchpoll!" yelled the boys, joining in the chase.

The students shouted their applause, and followed on to see the sport, alternately encouraging the pursuer or pursued, as either gained or lost. Windows flew up and heads peeped out; and, altogether, there was as pretty a row as you'd wish to see. But still Charlie kept on, anxious to give Dick as much time as possible. Through long muddy lanes, across ploughed fields, over fences and through hedges, the chase continued, until, weary and exhausted, Charlie doubled on his pursuer, and again entered the town, and

would probably have escaped, but, turning into a narrow street, in the rear of the church, a policeman barred his progress. The bailiff was close behind, and there was nothing for him but surrender; yes, one chance more. The front door of a house was standing ajar; into the door and up stairs he rushed, through a room containing some half dozen ladies, who, of course, commenced screaming and fainting away with great propriety; but he stopped for no such romance. Diving down the back stairs, he found himself in an area, enclosed with a high picket fence. His pursuers were already descending the stairs. The fence was high; but to scale it was not impossible. He jumped and missed; another jump, and he was upon the top. As the crowd, whooping and yelling, poured into the area, Charlie considered himself good for another ten minutes, for he could easily place the fence between himself and his foe; but alas for human calculations, as he sprang from the fence, the new coat-tail, caught in the high pickets, and he hung suspended. Before he could release himself the bailiff had hold of him.

"So I've got you at last!" gasped the officer.

"Look here, old rattle-trap," remarked Charlie, cooly adjusting his disordered dress, "just keep your hands off me, or I'll smash your face for you; you've got no writ against me."

"Go it spunky! don't let him be afraid of ye, my lion!" shouted the crowd.

The bailiff had by this time discovered the game played on him, and vowing vengeance, he hurried off, while Charlie hastened in the direction of the church, to see how Dick had sped. Dick, on his part, had emerged from the house as soon as the bailiff was out of sight; the excitement called off the attention of the students, and he joined his sweetheart unperceived. The distance to the church was short, and in a few minutes Dick, his intended, her maid and Clide, stood before the altar; but the sexton assured them the parson would arrive in a few minutes. There was a situation! the bride pale and trembling, Dick in a fit condition to enter a mad-house, and the happiness of the whole party depending on Charlie's legs! The parson at last made his appearance; Clide repeatedly cautioned Dick, not to appear in too great a hurry, as the parson might be suspicious and hesitate. After some little delay, the ceremony commenced, and was nearly finished, when a noise was heard at the door, and voices demanding admittance, one of which could be distinctly recognized as Charlie's, warning them off, imploring them, if they were gentlemen, not to disturb the church, as there was a marriage taking place within. The parson hesitated.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Stanzas,

Inscribed to my dear Father on the eve of his departure, for an absence of many months, by an affectionate Daughter.

Dearest Father! you soon must rove,
Far, far away from those you love,
And many days must intervene,
Before thy smiling face is seen,
To cheer us on our way.

Days of parting! they're sad 'tis true,
When lips must utter that word "Adieu!"
But though the storms of life may rage,
HOPE'S beaming ray our griefs assuage—
And we may meet again!

Though parting now our hearts must rend,
Yet God above is still our friend—
Oh! should we not remember then
That with His care we'll meet again
In happiness and peace!

But if an allwise Father's hand
Should cause that in the "better land"
Our broken circle there should meet—
Oh! may we have some humble seat
Around His burning throne!

Ah! there we'll all united be,
From parting sorrows ever free;
And with those, whom on earth we love
Ever dwell in Heaven above
'Mid joys of lasting bliss!

Norristown, Pa. H. E. H.

"THE TIMES."—We congratulate our friends of the Greensborough "Times" on the improved appearance of their paper. "The Times" is a literary paper with high claims upon the Southern reading public. It is now printed on a large sheet, put up in eight pages, tastefully arranged and neatly printed, containing an extensive variety of original and selected, literary and scientific articles. We hope it will be substituted in many families for the trashy northern publications that have heretofore been read.—*Greensboro Patriot.*

THE GREENSBORO' TIMES came to hand last week in a new, handsome and enlarged form. The Times is an excellent family paper, and is conducted with much ability and good taste. Messrs. Cole & Albright, the Editors, are enterprising gentlemen and deserve much success, which we hope they will have in their efforts to substitute a North Carolina literary paper for the trashy northern concerns which have heretofore been so largely circulated in the State.—*Charlotte Democrat.*

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

TERMS:

1 Copy one year		$ 2.00
6 Copies	"	10.00
10 "	"	15.00
50 "	"	(to one address,) 50.00

☞ No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. ☜

☞ Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

☞ Hon. Geo. Taylor has our thanks for a copy of his Speech on the Clayton Bulwer treaty, delivered in the House of Representatives, Dec., 22, 1858.

ECLIPSES IN 1859.—There will be four eclipses of the sun in 1859, viz: a partial eclipse on the 2nd of February, invisible here; a partial one on the 4th of March, invisible here; another on the 29th of July, partial and very small; it will end at 41 minutes past six in the evening; an other on August 27th, visible only in the Great Southern ocean.

There will be two eclipses of the moon; the first, on the 27th of February, will be total. It will commence at 13 minutes past 4 o'clock in the morning—middle 6 o'clock—end quarter before 8. The other one, August 13th, will not be visible.

RAIL-ROAD TRAVELING.—Since the recent heavy rains and the succeeding severe freezes, rail-road traveling has become somewhat hazardous. We hear of accidents in nearly all the states, some few proving destructive to life. On the North-Carolina road, the trains due from the east have run without the schedule time every day the past week. The engineers and conductors run with great care, however, and no accident has resulted in the loss of life.

CIVIL WAR IN KANSAS.—The slave owners of Missouri have become so exasperated at the Kidnapping of their negroes by the Free State men of Kansas, and the murder of several slave owners in attempting to rescue their slaves, that they are arming themselves to fight it out to the bitter end. It is said that there are already fifteen hundred Missourians collected, with the avowed purpose of invading Kansas. A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, under date of December 17, writes an intensely interesting letter about the excitement in Kansas, and describes the attack on Fort Scott by Capt. Montgomery and his men—a thrilling scene in border warfare—resulting in the loss of life.

SAILED FOR EUROPE.—The steamship Fulton sailed from New York on Saturday for Havre and Southampton, and took out Hon. J. Glancy Jones, United States minister to Austria; Charles H. Jones, attache of the Austrian legation; Hon. William C. Preston, United States minister to Spain; Mr. Woolley, secretary; and Major P. de Haviland, attache of the Spanish legation; Robt. V. McKim and H. W. A. Marberg, of Baltimore. She also took out $482, 960 in specie.

THE FAYETTEVILLE COALFIELDS RAILROAD.—The bill to aid in the construction and the equipment of the Fayetteville Coalfields Railroad passed its second reading in the Senate on the 4th instant, by a vote, of 25 to 14.

GEN. SCOTT arrived at New Orleans, January 5th and was received by a military escort, the firing of a salute, and an immense crowd, evincing the greatest enthusiasm.

KENTUCKEY.—The Democratic State convention of Kentuckey met at Frankfort, on Saturday, and nominated Hon. B. Magoffin as candidate for Governor, and Lynn Boyd for Lieutenant Governor.

The Macon and Western Rail Road Company, of Georgia, advertises a semi-annual dividend of 84 per share, being at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum.

Mr. Breckenridge on Departed Statesmen.

On the 4th instant, the United States Senators occupied the new chamber of the national capitol. Just before the departure from the old Hall, Vice-President Breckenridge made the following eloquent address:

The Senate is assembled for the last time in this chamber. Henceforth it will be converted to other uses; yet it must ever remain connected with great events, and sacred to the memories of departed orators and statesmen who have engaged in high debates, and shaped the policy of the country. Hereafter the American and stranger, as they wander through the capitol, will turn with instinctive reverence to view the spot on which so many and great materials have accumulated for history. They will recall the images of the great and good, whose renown is the common property of the Union; and chiefly, perhaps, they will linger around the seats once occupied by the mighty three, whose name and fame—associated in life—death has not been able to sever; illustrious men who, in their generation, sometimes divided, sometimes led, and sometimes resisted public opinion—for they were of that higher class of statesmen who seek the right and follow their convictions.

There sat Calhoun, *the* Senator—inflexible, austere; oppressed, but not overwhelmed by his deep sense of the importance of his public functions—seeking the truth, then fearlessly following it; a man whose unsparing intellect compelled all his emotions to harmonize with the deductions of rigorous logic, and whose noble countenance habitually wore the expression of one engaged in the performance of high public duties.

This was Webster's seat. He, too, was every inch a Senator. Conscious of his own vast powers, he reposed with confidence on himself and scorning the contrivances of smaller men, he stood among his peers all the greater for the simple dignity of his senatorial demeanor. Type of his northern home, he rises before the imagination in the grand and granite outline of his form and intellect, like a great New England rock repelling a New England wave. As a writer, his productions will be cherished by statesmen and scholars while the English tongue is spoken. As a senatorial orator, his great efforts are historically associated with this chamber, whose very air seems to vibrate beneath the strokes of his deep tones and weighty words.

On the outer circle sat Henry Clay, with his impetuous and ardent nature untamed by age, and exhibiting in the Senate the same vehement patriotism and passionate eloquence that of yore electrified the House of Representatives and the country. His extraordinary personal endowments, his courage—all his noble qualities, invested him with an individuality and a charm of character which, in any age, would have made him a favorite of history. He loved his country above all earthly objects. He loved liberty in all countries. Illustrious man! orator, patriot, philanthropist, whose light, at his meridian, was seen and felt in the remotest parts of the civilized world; and whose declining sun, as it hastened down the West, threw back its level beams in hues of mellowed splendor to illuminate and to cheer the land he loved and served so well.

PRIVATE CORNER:—Our correspondence has been heavy the past week, but mostly requiring replies through the Post Office. We will, therefore, postpone our "Corner" talk until next week.

THE CAROLINA CITY TIMES is the name of a new paper, the first number gotten up with much neatness and skill, being on our table. The object of the editors is the promotion of Carolina City and Beaufort harbor. We wish much success to the enterprise. A. B. Chapin & Co., editors & proprietors, $2 a year in advance, Carolina City.

DEAD LETTER OFFICE.—The following exhibit shows the recovery of moneys in the dead letters received at the general post office during the year just closed:

	Letters.	Moneys.
Quarter ending March 31,	2,472	$12,457 15
Quarter ending June 30,	4,549	21,498 85
Quarter ending Sept. 30,	7,749	12,904 82
Quarter ending Dec. 31,	7,715	12,035 30
Total,		$59,913 12

Under the prompt and efficient action of this branch about nine-tenths of the amount have been safely restored to its rightful owners.

We are indebted to this department for the return of a check, misdirected.

Gov. Wise has issued a proclamation ordering an election to be held on the fourteenth of April next, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Green B. Samuels, late one of the Judges of the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Jan. 18.
Reported expressly for the Times

Bacon 12½@13; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 15 @; Coffee 14a16, Candles, Tallow 22 @25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 80@0 Meal 80@00; Chickens 10 @15; Eggs 6a8; Feathers 40@45; Flour 5.00@6.00 Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12½@15; Molasses 40@50; Nails 6@7; Oats 40; Peas, yellow 75@00, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 2½@; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 18¾, crushed 16¾, clarified 14; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1.00; Wool 25@30.

NORFOLK MARKET, Jan. 10th.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Flour, Family	$6.50	*Flaxseed*,...	1.35a1.40
Extra.....	6.00	*Beeswax*,.....	28
Superfine..	5.50	*Dried Apples*, ₩ bu. of 28lbs...	1.87
Corn, Mixed & W.	71a72	" *Peaches*, 40lbs. ₩ bu.....5a5 75	
Yellow.....	76a77	*Bacon*, W. sho'ld	8a8½
Wheat, White	1.30	do. Sides	10
Red.....		N. C. & Va. Hog round,	11
Cotton,.....	11½a11½	*Staves*, R.O. hhd	30a31
Peas, Black Eye	1.35	W.O. pipe.	50
Red & Black	65a85	do hhd	40
Lard, N.C. & V. no.1	12	do bbl.	28
do do 2...	11		
Fish, Mackerel 1.	12.50		
do No 2.	11.00		
do 3.	10.00		

REMARKS.—Flour receipts are fair, with a good stock some sales for coastwise orders, but mostly for home consumption

Corn receipts are light, the article is wanted and sells at full prices, sales to day of about 5000 bu.—at prices quoted.

Cotton is in fair demand stock somewhat reduced. Flaxseed are received in small lots and sold readily. Dried Fruit comes in sparingly. Apples are wanted and sell at full prices.

Lumber, fair receipts of Staves and Shingles, but not much activity in either article.

NEW YORK MARKETS.—New York, January 10.—The sales of Cotton to-day were 1000 bales, the market being heavy The Flour market was buoyant, and 12,000 bbls. were sold. Southern is quoted at $5.10@$5.40. Wheat is buoyant, and sales of 15,000 bushels, white being quoted at $1.18@$1.48. The Corn market is advancing, and sales to-day of 23,000 bushels. Mixed New Yellow is worth 80c. Turpentine is steady at 49½@50c. Rosin is buoyant at $1.05@$1.75. Rice is dull at 3@3.62½.

Professional Cards.

ARCHITECTURE.
WM. PERCIVAL, Architect, Offices Smiths' Brick Building, Raleigh, N. C., and Goddeu's, Hall, Richmond, Va., Will supply *designs*, *working*, *drawings*, *specifications* and *superintendance* for all kinds of *public* and private buildings and houses of workship.

With an *educational training* for his profession and a Practical Experience on public and private, works for more than 16 years, he hopes to give satisfaction. He respectfully refers to those by whom he is Professionally engaged in this State.

The Building Committee on the Chapel Hill University Improvements. The Building Committee of the Raleigh New Babtist Church. R. S. Tucker, Esq., W. M. Boylan, Raleigh. W. S. Battle, Esq., Rockey, Mt., Edgecombe County,

N. B. A large variety of original designs for churches, villas &c., can be seen at his Offices. 133–6m.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR, at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y. 105–tf.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C. 1–1y.

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands. Jan. 8, 1857. 53–1y.

JACOB T. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HIGH POINT, N. C.,
☞ Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111:1y

TO LAWYERS.
A YOUNG NEW YORK Lawyer, would like to make arrangements with some respectable lawyer, or law firm, in Greensboro or any other town in North Carolina, to enter upon the duties of the profession. Would accept a situation as managing clerk, or any other, appertaining to his profession. Can give good references as to capability &c.
Address, C. G. DUNN,
New York City.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
107tf Baltimore, Md.

VISITING CARDS.
R. G. STAPLES,
CARD WRITER, Porthsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for $1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, $2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering

MANTUA-MAKING.
MRS. CRITTENDEN & SISTER are now prepared to do all kinds of work, connected with the Mantua-making business, in the latest and best style. They are also prepared to make, trim, and bleach Bonnets. A trial is all that is asked to warrant entire satisfaction. Residence on Greene street, opposite the Old Factory.
Jan. 15, 1858. 105.1y

ARE YOU SICK?
Then you can't be cured too soon. Don't delay until your complaint is incurable and then mourn when it is too late. Four-fifths of all the diseases which people the church yards, might be cured by Ayer's Cathartic Pills, if taken in season. Don't go dragging thro' the Spring, faint sleepy and listless, because your blood is loaded with bile. Don't wear the headache, heartburn, and their kindred disorders, because your stomach is foul. Don't parade yourself around the world, covered with Pimples, Blotches, Ulcers, Sores, and all or any of the unclean diseases of the skin, because your system wants cleansing. Don't show yourself about, lean, haggard, all caved in, because your Stomach and Bowels need strengthening into healthy action. Ayer's Pills set these things right as surely as water quenches fire. They purify the body and blood and restore their functions into healthy activity which you can feel as quick as they are taken. They are the one great medical wonder of the age, recognized by all who know their virtues, and many thousands know them. Take the *Cherry Pectoral* for a cough, and the *Pills* for all derangements requiring a purgative medicine.

Price 25 cts per Box—5 Boxes for $1,00.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass. and sold by T. J. PATRICK, Greensboro; Williams & Heywood, Raleigh; S J Hinsdale, Fayetteville; O. A. Bradley, Wilmington; Purcell, Laud & Co., Richmond, and all druggists. 125;8m

LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING in Post Office at Greensboro.

A—Elvira Armfield, Hannah C. Apple, Jay Andrews, George L. Anthony

B—John Bridges, Miss Rachel Bivens, Noah Brewer.

C—Mary Carfield, George B. Clapp.

D—E. W. Donnell, R. C. Denny, Miss A. C. Denny, Miss Margaret J. Denny.

E—Wm. E. Edwards.

G—James Gilchrist, W F Gray, Isaac Gossett, C Goddard.

H—John R Hanner, O S Hanner, William Hutchins, Bell Hall, Christopher Huffman, John Holderer, M J Hunt, Wm Heath.

J—Maj. G W Jones, Johnson & Neal.

L—Isaac Lewey.

M—H H Moore, H A More, Aaron McCarnnet, Richard McAdams, Miss P A McKenzie, Wm M Mebane 3, John M McLean, A C Murrow & Co., Lucas & Moore.

O—Miss Mary Osburn.

P—Jonathan Parker 2, Miss Amy C Parsons.

R—Louisa Rankin, J C Roberts, W S Royal.

S—John Shank, Miss A Shackleford, Miss Nancy Spruce, Miss Julia Simpson.

T—James Thomas.

W—Jas. C Webb, W R Watkins 2, W Wilson, Nathaniel Wilson, Mrs. Nancy Williams, Joseph F Waters.

Y—William Yates.

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say they are advertised.

B. G. GRAHAM, P. M.

Served him Right.—Simonds of St. Louis who made and sold a Counterfeit of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, has been placed within the narrow limits that should catch all scoundrels. Imprisonment though it be for years, can scarcely punish enough the heartless villain, who could execute such an imposition upon the sick. The wicked rascal who for paltry gain could thus trifle with the health and life of his fellow men—take from his lips the cup of hope while sinking, and substitute an utter delusion and cheat would falter at no crime, and should be spared no punishment. Some of his trash is still extant in the West, and purchasers should be wary of whom they buy.—*Gazette, Utica, N. Y.*

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
Comission Merchants, Norfolk, Va.
ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan.
☞ Authorized agents for the *Times*, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6:1y

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
Change of Proprietors.
Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating **terms.**

His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.

The **Washington Hotel** has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the busines streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.

Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES.
January 1st.–1y.

HURRAH FOR CHRISTMAS
NEW GROCERY STORE.
Greensboro N. C. Wm. S. Clark has opened a large wholesale and retail Family Grocery Store, keeping constantly on hand every article in this line of the best quality and for the least money. Call at Rankin's old stand, east of the Court House. Jan. 1.

EATING SALOON:—
FRESH and PICKELED OYSTERS, prepared at all hours, at the New Grocery Store, by W. S. CLARK. Jan. 1.

LIQUORS:—WHISKIES, Brandies, Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider Royal of warrented qualities, wholesale and retail at the New Grocery Store by W. S. CLARK. Jan. 1.

Later from Europe.

NEW YORK, Jan. 9.—The steamer Africa, from Liverpool, with dates to the 25th ult., has arrived.

The ship Isaac Wright, bound for New York, with 300 passengers on board, was burnt in the Mersey, whilst at anchor in the stream. The fire occured at night, and caused great consternation among the emigrants, but all were rescued. The vessel was scuttled and ran aground to save the hull. She had a cargo of fine goods and 800 tons of iron, all of which was insured.

The Times, in commenting on the President's message, draws attention to the preponderance of foreign over domestic matters and to the quarrelsome spirit manifested under its studiously moderate tone. It considers it very remarkable that the United States should, at the present moment, have a *casus belli* against almost every State from the Gulf of Mexico to Cape Horn, and asks whether it is possible that the weaker party can always be the aggressor?

There has been some threatening rioting among the military and militia at Woolwich, but without serious results.

The result of Montalembert's trial is considered a triumph over the government, as under the new sentence the accused will not be liable to exile under the new law of suspicion.

It is announced that the emancipationists have triumphed in Russia, and that the plan of the Czar for the emancipation of the serfs will be carried out.

FLAG PRESENTATION.—The young ladies of Newbern, on Friday afternoon last, presented the Elm City Cadets with a beautiful banner. The ceremony of presentation was performed by Miss Mary B. Conway, on behalf of the fair donors, in a very neat and appropriate address. Mr. B. M. Cook, jr., on behalf of the Company, received the present and returned thanks for the same in an address which was well worded and very happily delivered.

PARAGUAY EXPEDITION.—The entire fleet of U. S. vessels have reached their destination. There will be no fight it is said. President Lopez will accede to any reasonable demands on our part, after putting us to all the trouble and expense in his power.

UNITED STATES, EUROPE & FRANCE.—The passages in the late message of President Buchanan regarding Spain and Cuba, have caused much discussion in England and France. The French look on them with suspicion, and the English consider them as indicating that the Government of the United States contemplates first the military occupation and then the annexation of Mexico, Central America, and Cuba.

DEMOCRACY OF KENTUCKY.—The Kentucky Democratic convention has passed resolutions endorsing the Cincinnati platform; the Dred Scott decision; encouraging the acquisition of Cuba; denouncing sectional agitators in the North and Know-Nothingism; and indorsing the national Administration. Also, professing a determination that differences upon minor and unessential points, such as Kansas Lecomptonism, shall not be permitted to disturb the harmony of the Democracy of Kentucky.

WONDERFUL PHENOMENON:—The *Vicksburg True Southron* is responsible for the following truly astounding intelligence:

We chronicled on Tuesday the killing of an elephant recently escaped from a menagerie. We regret to learn that before he was killed he did great damage, and utterly ruined one planter in Hinds county, Miss. Passing through his plantation, the huge beast came across two stacks of fodder, one of the stacks he devoured instanly, while he hoisted the other on his trunk, and bearing it before him, (a shield for him,) he marched on in solitary grandeur. He soon reached a point where the negroes of the plantation were taking their dinner, when the unusual sight met their eyes so frightened them that they all turned *white!* When their fears subsided, finding that they were all white men and women, they deliberately walked off, and left the owner of the plantation without a solitary darkey.

This remakable phenomenon may seem rather strange to the incredulous, but if any one doubts the truth of our statement a highly respectable gentleman of this city is fully prepared to substantiate it in every particular. We have often heard of persons' hair being instantly turned from sudden and overpowering fear, but do not remember before to have heard of an African's skin turning white from the same cause. While we sincerely sympathise with the owner of the negroes in his severe loss, we earnestly hope this remarkable case will be thoroughly investigated by philosophers.

Preparations are making at Savanah for laying the Cuban submarine telegraph.

CLOTHING!

CLOTHING!! CLOTHING!!!

We beg to announce to our Customers and the public generally that we now have in Store, and are daily receiving a very extensive and choice Selection of Fall and Winter Clothing, comprising everything of the latest and most elegant styles. Also a large Stock of Boots, Shoes, Pistols, Shirts, Jewelry, a variety of Watches and numerous articles in that line. We are prepared to sell those goods at prices to defy competition. Call and examine our cheap and well selected Stock.

S. ARCHER & CO.

ALL THOSE INDEBTED TO ME By Note or Account, will please call and pay, as longer indulgence cannot be given. D. Gundling is authorized to settle.

October, '58. S. ARCHER.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!

JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics. **Also,**

SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled, Perscription carefully put up at all hours by

W. C. PORTER

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD Most respectfully call the attention of the public to their large and attractive supply of **FALL** and **WINTER GOODS,** consisting in part of **Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready-Made Clothing &c.** Their stock was selected with great care, and not having very expensive families to support, they flatter themselves that they can sell at such prices as will insure satisfaction to those who may extend to them their patronage.

October 25, '58. COLE & AMIS.

KISS ME QUICK—A FRAGRANT and permanent perfume, distilled from fragrant Tulips, just received and for sale by SCOTT & GORRELL.

Together with FRANGEPANNI, an everlasting perfume, and a fine assortment of EXTRACTS, POMADES, HAIR OIL, SOAPS, TO LET WATERS and POWDERS

20.000 PRINTING CARDS, With a variety of other Materials just received at the Times Office. All kinds of JOB WORK executed in the neatest style of the Art at the cheapest prices.

FRANGIPANI, AN ETERNAL Perfume. The perfume bearing the above name is undoubtedly one of the most gratifying to the olfactory nerve ever yet discovered.

Call at Porter's Drug Store where you can get it in any of its variety of forms—with a great variety of other popular perfumes and Toilet articles.

OXFORD FEMALE COLLEGE. The sixteenth Session will open on the first Monday in January and close with the annual Commencement on the last Thursday in May.

The School relies entirely on its own merits for patronage. In order that it may merit patronage, the number of students is so limited as to secure,

1st. The greatest thoroughness and efficiency in every department of instruction.

2d. The most judicious discipline enforced with affectionate firmness.

3d. The most comfortable and home like accommodations procured at the smallest expense.

For admission apply to J. H. MILLS,
154—6t. Oxford, N. C.

LAST NOTICE. Those indebted to the firm of E. W. OGBURN, CO., must settle by the 15th, of December or their accounts will be placed into the hands of an officer. JAS. W. DOAK,
136—tf. Surviving Partner.

FIRST OF THE SERIES OF LECTURES! By request of the Board of Managers of the **"Greene Monument Association,"** a lecture will be delivered in this place, on the evening of the 20th January next, by the Hon. WILLIAM A. GRAHAM, L. L. D. Notice of the place where it will be delivered, will be given in due time. The public are invited to attend. WILL. L. SCOTT,
Dec., 10th. 1858. Sec. of the Board.

THE SOUTHERN HOMESTEAD is the name of a large first class illustrated Agricultural and family paper, published in Nashville, Tennessee, by L. P. WILLIAMS & CO., who are endeavoring to build up an agricultural journal that will be an ornament to the South, and in a great measure succeed in driving out of the country, the horde of Northern agricultural papers, which are both an expense and an injury to Southern agriculture, teaching as they do, systems adapted to other climates and soils, and entirely at variance with the operations and requirements of Southern farming.

The fourth volume of this Journal will begin January 1st, 1859, under the most encouraging prospects.

It is published weekly, each number containing eight large pages, printed in the handsomest style, and splendidly embellished with engravings, at the following

TERMS: Invariably in advance,—One copy, 2 dollars a year; six copies, 10 dollars; ten copies, 15 dollars, (and an extra copy to the person getting up a club.) 2:2w

THE WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, awarded to C. Meyer, for his two PIANOS, London, October 15, 1851.

C. Meyer respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has constantly on hand Pianos, equal to those for which he received the Prize Medal in London, in 1851.

All orders promptly attended to and great care taken in the selection and packing the same.

He has received, during the last fifteen years, more Medals than any other maker, from the Franklin Institute—also, First Premiums in Boston, New York and Baltimore.

Warerooms, No. 772 ARCH street, below Eighth, South side, Philadelphia. 2:6m;eow

PROSPECTUS OF THE
N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION
FOR 1859.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE JOURNAL will commence with the next year, and the first number will be issued about the middle of January. It will be published monthly, and each number will contain not less than thirty-two pages of reading matter.

The Journal will be neatly printed, on fine paper and in a style fully equal to the present volume; the aim of those who have charge of it will be to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association and under its control. Through its pages the General Superintendent of Common Schools will communicate with the School officers and teachers of the State.

Articles are solicited from teahers and other friends of education—

TERMS
(Invariably in Advance)

FIVE COPIES, or more, ordered at one time, or to one address ONE DOLLAR each per annum

Additional copies at the same rate.

Single copy.....$2.00

All Teachers and school officers are requested to act as agents.

Journal and Times,.....$3

The Teacher who sends us the largest number of subscribers (not less than thirty) before the first of January, will be entitled to half a page of advertising for the year; The one sending the next largest number will be entitled to the fourth of a page: And each one sending 25 or more will be entitled to a card, not exceeding eight lines.

☞*All communications should be addressed to* J. D. CAMPBELL *Resident Editor, Greensboro', N. C.*

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER MONTHS.—The Best Book for Agents. *TO PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.* An Elegant Gift for a Father to Present to his Family! Send for One Copy, and try it among your Friends!

WANTED—Agents in every section of the United States, to circulate Sears' Large Type Quarto Bible, for family use—Entitled **The People's Pictoral Domestic Bible,** with about One Thousand Engravings!!

This useful book is destined, if we can form an opinion from the Notices of the Press, to have an unprecedented circulation in every section of our wide-spread continent, and to form a distinct era in the sale of our works. It will, no doubt, in a few years become the Family BIBLE of the American People.

The most liberal remuneration will be allowed to all who may be pleased to procure subscribers to the above. From 50 to 100 copies may be circulated and sold in each of the principal cities and towns of the Union. It will be sold by subscription only.

Application should be made at once, as the field will soon be occupied.

Persons wishing to act as agents, and do a safe business, can send for a specimen copy. On receipt of the established price, Six Dollars, the **Pictorial Family Bible** with a well bound Subscription Book, will be carefully boxed, and forwarded per express, at our risk and expense, to any central town or village in the United States, excepting those of California, Oregon and Texas.

Register your Letters, and your money will come safe.

In addition to the Pictoral Bible, we publish a large number of Illustrated Family Works, very popular, and of such a high moral and unexceptionable character, that while good men may safely engage in their circulation, they will confer a Public Benefit, and receive a Fair Compensation for their labor.

Orders respectfully solicited. For further particulars, address the subscriber, (post paid.)

ROBERT SEARS, 181 William Street,
1-2t. New York.

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL,
HIGH POINT, N. C.

REV. N. MC. R. RAY, A. B. *Principal.*

This Institution is now permanently established. Its object is to provide for the thorough education of young ladies, and as an additional feature, to qualify such of them as may desire it for the avocation of teaching.

The Principal is a Graduate of Normal College and an experienced teacher. The Principal of Music has studied and practised it from childhood, and had ten years experience in teaching it. The Assistants are experienced and competent. Instruction is given in all the branches taught in the best Female Institutions. Young ladies of limited means are credited for tuition until they can teach and pay it.

We are making arrangements to secure for such, desirable situations in this and other Southern States. We have Apparatus, new Piano's, &c. We can accommodate 125 boarding pupils.

The Boarding Department is under the management and control of Jeremiah Pigott. All the teachers board in the Institution.

Pupils admitted at any time and charged to the end of the Session. The Sessions will correspond with those of Normal College, beginning the 1st day of September, and closing between the 20th and 25th of June.

Terms:

The expenses are less than at any other Institution of the same character in the State. Board is $6.00 per month, exclusive of washing and lights. Tuition in English Branches 6.00 to 15.00 per Session. Latin and Greek, each 7.50. French 5.00. Music on Piano or Guitar 20.00. Use of Piano 2.50.

Painting in Oil 15.00. Drawing 5.00. Water Colors 6.00. Other styles of Painting at reasonable prices. Worsted Embroidery 5.00. Wax Work 5.00. Incidental Expenses 1.00.

Board alone and the English Branches 36.00 to 45.00 per Session. *Half the expenses required in advance.*

For full information address,

Rev. W. I. LANGDON, *Proprietor.*

WANTED.—*Situations for Southern Female Teachers.*

July 17, 1858. 131-tf.

BOOKS! BOOKS!!

THE STOCK OF BOOKS, &c., belonging to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn & Co., are now offered **at Cost!** Merchants and others, engaged in the sale of BOOKS, will do well to call and examine for themselves, as the stock on hand must be sold for the purpose of **Closing up the Concern.**

☞All persons indebted to the firm must call and settle. JAMES W. DOAK,
Surviving Partner.

March 22, 1858. 115-tf.

THE GREAT BEAUTIFIER
SO LONG UNSUCCESSFULLY
Sought, Found at Last! For it restores permanently gray hair to its original color; covers luxuriantly the bald head; removes all dandruff, itching and all scrofula, scald head and all eruptions; makes the hair soft, healthy, and glossy; and will preserve it to any imaginable age, remove, as if by magic, all blotches, &c. from the face, and cures all neuralgia and nervous head ache. See circular and the following.

Dover, N. H., Feb. 2d, 1857.

Prof. O. J. Wood & Co.—Gents: Within a few days we have received so many orders and calls for Prof. O. J. Wood's Hair Restorative, that to day we were compelled to send to Boston for a quantity, (the 6 dozen you forwarded all being sold,) while we might order a quantity from you. Every bottle we have sold seems to have produced three or four new customers and the approbation, and patronage it receives from the most substantial and worthy citizens of our vicinity, fully convince us that it is A MOST VALUABLE PREPARATION.

Send us as soon as may be one gross of $1 size; and one dozen $2 size; and believe us yours very respectfully.

Signed DANIEL LATHORP & Co.

Hickory Grove, St. Charles Co., Mo., Nov. 19, 1856. Prof. O. J. Wood—Dear Sir: Some time last summer we were induced to use some of your Hair Resterative, and its effects were so wonderful, we feel it our duty to you and the afflicted, to report it.

Our little son's head for some time had been perfectly covered with sores, and some called it scald head. The hair almost entirely came off in consequence, when a friend, seeing his sufferings, advised us to use your Restorative, we did so with little hope of success, but, to our surprise, and that of all our friends, a very few applications removed the diseas entirely, and a new and luxuriant crop of hair soon started out, and we can now say that our boy has as healthy a scaly, and as luxuriant a crop of hair as any other child. We can therefore, and do hereby recommend your Restorative, as a perfect remedy for all diseases of the scalp and hair. We are, yours cespectfully,

GEORGE W. HIGGINBOTHAM,
SARAH A. HIGGINBOTHAM.

Gardiner, Maine, June 22, 1855.

Prof. O. J. Wood—Dear Sir: I have used two bottles of Professor Wood's Hair Restorative, and can truly say it is the greatest discovery of the age for restoring and changing the Hair. Before using it I was a man of seventy. My Haiy has now attained its original color. You can recommend it to the world without the least fear, as my case was one of the worst kind.

Yours Respectfully,
EANIEL N. MURPHY.

O. J WOOD & CO., Proprietors, 312 Broadway, N. Y., (in the great N. Y. Wire Railing Establishment) and 114 Market street, St. Louis, Mo. And sold by all good Druggists by

T. J. PATRICK,
W. C. PORTER.
109: 1y Greensboro.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia.—A Benevolent Institution, established by special endowment for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic diseases.

To all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Imporence. Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the Vice of Onanism, or self abuse, &c., &c

The Howtrd Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such disenses by Quacks, several years ago directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to open a Dispensary for the treatment of this class of diseases, in all their forms, and to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty, to FURNISH MEDICINES FREE OF CHARGE. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest Medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors, on a review of the past, feel assured that their labors in this sphere of benevolent effort, have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Just Published by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the Vice of Onanism, Masturbation or a Self-Abuse, and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed letter envelope,) FREE OF CHARGE, on receipt of TWO STAMPS for postage.

Address, for Report or treatment, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *Pres.*
GEO. FAIRCHILD, *Sec.*
March, 1858. 113-1 y.

EVERY READER WILL Please notice the advertisement descriptive of Mr. Sears' PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, and send for the Printed Catalogue of all our Illustrated Works.

To the uninitiated in the great art of Selling Books we would say, that we present a scheme for money making, far better than all the gold mines of California and Australia.

Any person wishing to embark in the enterprise, will risk little by sending to the Publisher $25, for which he will receive sample copies of the various works, [at wholesale prices.] carefully boxed, insured, and directed, affording a very liberal percentage to the agent for his trouble. With these he will soon be able to ascertain the most saleable, and order accordingly. Address (post paid)

ROBERT SEARS, Publisher.
1-2t. 181 William Street, New York.

LOOK AT THIS.

R. L. DONNELL is taking pictures AT FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure them good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE.

Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second story Garrett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. 39-1y.

LAMPS. A large lot of fluid lamps just received at the Drug Store of

W. C. PORTER.

Blank Warrants, For sale at this Office

DR. BAAKEE

TREATS ALL DISEASES FREE OF CHARGE. DR. BAAKEE will also give special attention to the following diseases:—Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis and all other diseases of the Throat and Lungs. He will devote particular attention to the treatment of all skin diseases—Lumbago, Scrofula, Rheumatism, (acute and Chronic,) Neuralgia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dispepsia, Piles and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels; and also, all Chronic Female Diseases, and cures all diseases of the EYE AND EAR. Without the use of Knife or Needle, and he has constantly on hand an excellent assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL EYES, and TYMPANUMS or (ear drums,) suitable for either sex and all ages—inserted in five minutes.

DR. BAAKEE has made a new discovery of a Fluid that will produce perfect absorption of the cataract, and restore perfect vision to the Eye, without the use of the knife. DR. BAAKEE can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success of curing Cancer. Old Sores or Ulcers, Fistula, Swellings or Tumors of every description, and without the use of the knife. Special arrangements must be made with Dr. BAAKEE for the last named diseases, as they will require his constant advice and attention. DR. BAAKEE is one of the most skilful and celebrated Physicians and Surgeons now living. His fame is known personally in every principal city of the World. All letters directed to DR. BAAKEE, (inclosing ten cents,) from any distance, correctly stating the nature of the disease, shall be promptly answered, and the patients treated by correspondence FREE OF CHARGE.

☞ Office Hours, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.
DR. BAAKEE.

Office, No. 74 Lexington street, between Charles and Liberty streets, Baltimore, Md.
1-1y.

THE LIVER
INVIGORATOR!
PREPARED BY DR SANFORD,
Compounded entirely from GUMS,

IS ONE OF THE BEST PURGATIVE AND LIVER MEDICINES now before the public, that acts as a *Cathartic*, easier, milder, and more effectual than any other medicine known. It is not only a *Cathartic*, but a *Liver* remedy, acting first on the *Liver* to eject its morbid matter, then on the stomach and bowels to carry off that matter, thus accomplishing two purposes effectually, without any of the painful feelings experienced in the operations of most *Cathartics*. It strengthens the system at the same time that it purges it; and when taken daily in moderate doses, will strengthen and build it up with unusual rapidity.

The **Liver** is one of the principal regulators of the human body; and when it performs its functions well, the powers of the system are fully developed. The *stomach* is almost entirely dependent on the healthy action of the *Liver* for the proper performance of its functions; when the stomach is at fault, the bowels are at fault, and the whole system suffers in consequence, of one organ—the **Liver**—having ceased to do its duty. For the diseases of that organ, one of the proprietors has made it his study, in a practice of more than twenty years, to find some remedy whereby to counteract the many derangements to which it is liable.

To prove that this remedy is at last found, any person troubled with **Liver Complaint,** in any of its forms, has but to try a bottle, and conviction is certain.

These Gums remove all morbid or bad matter from the system, supplying in place a healthy flow of bile, invigorating the stomach, causing food to digest well, **purifying the blood,** giving tone and health to the whole machinery, removing the cause of the disease—effecting a radical cure.

Bilious attacks are cured, **and, what is better, prevented,** by the **Liver Invigorator.** the occasional use of the One dose after eating is sufficient to relieve the stomach and prevent the food from rising and souring.

Only one dose taken before resting, prevents **Nightmare.**

Only one dose taken at night, loosens the bowels and cures **Costiveness.**

One dose taken after each meal will cure **Dyspepsia** One dose of two teaspoonfuls will always relieve **Sick Headache.**

One bottle taken for female obstruction removes the cause of the disease, and makes a perfect cure.

Only one dose immediately relieves **Cholic,** while One dose often repeated is a sure cure for **Cholera Morbus,** and a preventive of **Cholera.**

Only one bottle is needed to throw out of the system all remedies taken for **Jaundice** after a long sickness. One bottle taken for fairness or unnatural color removes all sallowness or unnatural color from the skin.

One dose taken a short time before eating gives vigor to the appetite, and makes food digest well.

One dose often repeated cures **Chronic Diarrhœa** in its worst forms. while **Summer Bowel** complaints yield to it almost from the first dose.

One or two doses cures **Worms** in children; there is no mistake, the medicine is sure, or specific remedy in the world, as it never fails. ☞ A few bottles cures **Dropsy,** by exciting the absorbents.

We take pleasure in recommending this medicine as a preventive for **Fever and Ague, Chill Fever,** and all **Fevers** of a **Bilious Type.** It operates with certainty, and thousands are willing to testify to its wonderful virtues.

All who use it are giving their unanimous testimony in its favor.

☞**Mix Water in the mouth with the Invigorator, and swallow both together.**

THE LIVER INVIGORATOR

IS A SCIENTIFIC MEDICAL DISCOVERY, and is daily working cures, almost too great to believe. It cures as if by magic, even *the first dose giving benefit,* and seldom more than one bottle is required to cure any kind of **Liver** Complaint, from the worst *Jaundice* or *Dyspepsia* to a common *Headache,* all of which are the result of a **Diseased Liver.**

PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

SANFORD & Co., Proprietors, 335 Broadway, New York.

Wholesale Agents:

BARNES & PARK, New York; T. W. DYOTT & SONS, Philadelphia; M. S. BURR & Co., Boston; H. H. HAY & Co., Portland; JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati; GAYLORD & HAMMOND, Cleveland; FARNESTOCK & DAVIS, Chicago; W. J. WOOD & Co., St. Louis; GEORGE H. KEYSER, Pittsburgh; S. S. HANCK, Baltimore. And retailed by all Druggists. *Sold also by*

115:1y T. J. PATRICK, Greensboro.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.

And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

☞The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND *Watchmaker,* West Market, Greensboro', N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.

He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.

All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.

All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.

August, 1st, 1858. 134—tf.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

My Dear Young Friends:

As I trust you all read the interesting story of the "Christmas Tree," in the Times last week, and learned how to make a "merry christmas," now get your Bibles (to find the texts alluded to) and take your seats in the cosy corners near the cheerful fire, and let us read about

"THE HAPPY NEW YEAR."

"*I wish you a happy new-year,*" said a little boy to his father, quite early in the morning on the first day of January 1848. This little boy loved his father very much, and had taken a good deal of pains to get up first, and be ready to greet him in this way when he came out of his chamber.—He had not thought much about the new year, nor about what it takes to make a happy year; but he had heard others make this wish, and he followed their example.

When they came down stairs, therefore, his father thougt he would talk a little with him about this happy new year.—"Well, my son," said he, "you wish me a happy new year, do you? I hope *you* will have a happy new year too. What must you do to make this a happy year to you?"

"I must be a good boy," said he.

"Yes," added his father, "you must be a good boy. You must be good to me, and to your mother, and your little brother, and every body. You must be obedient, and kind, and pleasant. Do you think you shall be?"

The little boy looked up, and replied, very pleasantly, "I think I shall, father. I shall try to be as good as I can."

"That is right," said his father; "and I hope you will ask God to help you be a good boy. He knows what you will need, and he loves to help us when we pray to him. But, my son, if you really wish *me* a happy new year, you must do all you can to make it so for me; must you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Shall you try to think of this, and to do it?"

"Yes, father, I mean to try all through the year to make you happy."

"And I will try, my boy, to do as much as I can to make you happy. This is one of the ways in which we can make our wishes good for something. It will do no good for us to *wish* each other a happy new-year, unless we strive to make it so. You must do what you can every day to make me happy, and I must do what I can all the time to make you happy."

After talking in this way a few minutes, he and his father sat down *to read the Bible together*. For more than a year they had often read in this way, and had found it a very pleasant exercise, and now they thought they would begin to make the new year a happy one to them, by seeking more of this pleasure. Let us see what they found in the Bible this time to interest them.

ABSALOM.

They first turned to 2nd Samuel, chapter 15, and read it over with care, and then they passed on to the 18th chapter. The father would read a few verses, and then the son would read a few; and so they finished the story.

"Now you see," said the father, when they had read it all, "what a bad son this young man was. He was the son of king David. David had often talked with him, as I am now talking with you, about being a good boy. There are very few children who have such good fathers as Absalom—very few whose fathers teach their children so well, and set them so good an example. But Absalom *wanted to have his own way*, and therefore he did not mind what his good father said to him; and as he grew older, he became more and more wicked, until at last he tried, as you see here, to drive his old father away, and be king in his place. He got as many wicked people as he could to join him; and when he thought everything was ready, he told them to proclaim him king, and to fight with him against his father.

"As soon as David and his friends heard what Absalom was doing, they were afraid that they should all be killed; so they left Jerusalem in great haste and in great sorrow. David went up by the ascent of mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot; and all the people that were with him covered every man his head, and they went up weeping as they went. While they were going in this way, one of Absalom's party ran towards them, and threw stones at them, and did everything he could to insult and torment them. But David did not complain: he felt very sad to be treated so, and especially to have his own son make the people abuse him; but he was patient under it all. And now just notice how the matter ended. David saw that there would be a great battle; but he charged all his men not to kill Absalom, nor to hurt him, and then he waited to hear the news. Well, the battle began, and here, in this last chapter which we have read, you see how all Absalom's wickedness was punished: he wanted to be happy while doing wrong; he thought he should be. If he could only be king, he did not care how much he injured his father; but instead of being king, he lost his life. David's friends were so angry with this wicked son, that they did not spare him as they were told to do. News was soon brought to his father, that he was killed; and then the good old man wept again, as though his heart would break. Absalom was dead, and his father was wishing that he could have died in his place—all *because Absalom tried to be happy by being wicked*, instead of by being good. This is what I want you to remember, my son, that all this evil came upon Absalom himself, *because he tried to be happy by doing wrong*. If you want to be happy this year, you must be careful *not to do wrong*; you must try *to do right in everything*. When you are told what is wrong, you must avoid it; and when you see or hear what is right, you must do it."

"Well, father," said the little boy, "I hope I shall; and now what shall we read next?"

SOLOMON.

After thinking and talking for a few moments about what it was best to read, the father asked his son if he should not like to read about another of David's sons, and the little boy said he should; so they turned to 1st Kings, chapter 2, read the first twelve verses, and then they passed on to the 3rd chapter and read from the 5th verse to the 16th. Then they thought they must read some parts of the 22nd, 28th, and 29th chapters of 1st Chronicles: and there they stopped again, and conversed upon what they had been reading.

Father. "*This* son, you see, did not act like his brother Absalom."

Son. "No, sir, he was a good boy."

Father. "Yes, I suppose his father had done all he could to make him a good boy: perhaps he used to tell him sometimes how bad his brother had been, and how he was killed."

Son. "Did Solomon ever see Absalom; was he born before Absalom died?"

Father. "Yes, he was probably about ten years old when his brother died, so that he no doubt knew all about it at the time; and I should think this must have made him afraid to be a bad boy."

Son. "How old was he when his father made him king?"

Father. "About twenty years old, probably: you see, here, that his father speaks of him as 'yet young and tender,' and yet he tells him to 'be strong, and show himself a man;' so that I think he must have been about twenty."

Son. "Was he a happy boy and a happy man?"

Father. "Well, he *took the right way to be happy, certainly:* he did not feel, when his good father was dead and he had become king, that he could do just as he pleased, but felt that he must *do right;* and he was very anxious to know *what he ought to do:* so you see one of the first things he did, was, *to pray that God would make him wise.* He felt that he was too young to know all he needed to know, and that no one could teach him so well as God. Probably he very *often* prayed to God, as he did in this case, because he was so anxious to do right.

"Now let us see what became of him. When God saw that he was so anxious to know what was best, and to do it, he was so pleased, that he made him the *wisest of men;* and as Solomon had thought so much more of being able to know and do right, than of anything else, God gave him a great many things which he did not ask for: he gave him great riches, and honor, and long life, so that he became one of the greatest kings that ever lived. Among other things he built that TEMPLE which David wanted to have him build, and which stood for hundreds of years; he said so many wise things, that they were remembered, and written down, and finally put into the Bible as his Proverbs; people came from a great distance to see him, and hear him talk, and look at the temple which he had built: even now, you and I are reading and talking about him, just as other people have done ever since he lived, and just as they will do as long as there are any people in the world; and all this, you must remember, is *because he was so anxious to do just as he ought to do, and therefore prayed as he did, that God would give him wisdom.*

"Now, do you not think this was better than to try to be happy by doing wrong, and by never praying to be taught what is right—was not this taking the best way to be happy?"

Son. "O yes, I am sure it was."

Father "Well, my son, *when we see which is the best way, we must always try to follow it;* if you think Solomon acted wisely, I hope you will be as good a boy, and grow up to be as good a man as he was.

"But it is not best for us to read or talk any more at present."

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

SOLUTION to Puzzle of last week: Draw a regular octagon or eight sided figure, and plant a tree in the centre, one in each angle or corner, and one in the middle of each side.

RIDDLE.—It was done when it was begun, it was done when it was half done, and yet it wasn't done when it was finished.—Now what was it? Of course you can't guess. Will this do? Timothy Johnson courted Susannah Dunn. It was done when it was begun, and it was done when it was half done, and yet it wasn't done when it was finished—for it was Johnson.

A lady, at her marriage, requested the clergyman to give out to be sung by the choir the hymn commencing:

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

Somebody says that happiness is a pig with a greasy tail, which every body runs after, but nobody can hold.

Homeward Bound.—The lobby member who "used all his influence" against the Danville Connection, leaving Raleigh for home. "Hic, it's kilt now, hic, shore. G-g-h-long!"

We take the following rich morsel from one of Dow Jr's short patent sermons:

"Man looks upon life just as he looks upon woman—there is no living with them and he can't live without them. He will run after them, and rather than be held he will lose his coat tail and character—kiss for love, and kiss them leading him into trouble. So with life: He partakes of its pleasures, and then curses it for its pains; gathers boquets in bliss, and when their blossoms have faded he finds himself in possession of a bunch of briars, which is all owing to a little incident that occurred in Paradise, when man was as green as a tobacco worm, and as unsuspicious as a tree toad in a thunder storm. He was told to increase and multily, and so accordingly increased his cares and peopled the world with a parcel of candidates for perdition, and am one of them.'

A GLOOMY BRIDAL.—We have heard of some dark scenes, but rarely encountered anything so utterly deficient in sunshine and whitewash as the following. It reads like a yard of crape:

Gloom was upon her countenance and upon his. The man whose holy office it was to unite them in bonds never to be torn asunder, stood like an executioner before the bride and bridegroom, and they—the pair waiting to be blessed—bent down their heads like criminals before him.

In vain might the eye wander around the assembly in search of sunshine upon a single countenance; all was dreary blate—and assistants as well as attendants at the ceremony, were alike shrouded in one dark overshadowing mass of rayless gloom.

Ah! joyful should ever be the linking of young hearts together, and terrible must be the feelings of those around whom the shadows of fate are gathering, even at the threshold, which should blaze in all the gorgeous coloring of hope and promise.

Yet the same sombre shade, the same gloom of hue, the same depth of darkness was seated upon every feature. No sudden blushing of the rose, no swift succeeding of the lily, no fitful changes telling of youthful passion and warm, bright hope, were seen in that bride's cheek, but one unvarying shade of funeral gloom possessed the gloom, possessed the preacher—in fact they were all possessed.

Reader, they were Timbucto darkies!

An eccentric wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field upon his estate, on which was painted the following: I will give the field to any man who is contenteu He soon had an applicant. 'Well, sir are you a contented man? Yes, sir very., 'Then what do yeu want with my field?' The applicant did not reply.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

A REMEDY FOR THE CURE of hogs that are weak, or down in the loins. Give the hog a good dose of arsenic, mixed in dough. Boil tar to about the consistency of shoemaker's wax, and apply a good sized plaster to the loins, after having sheared off the hair. If necessary, give second dose of arsenic in four or five days.—*Planter.*

TOMATOES AND MELONS.—Use tomatoes largely, both at breakfast and dinner; take them hot or cold, cooked or raw, with vinegar, or without vinegar, fried in sugar and butter. Their healthful properties consist in their being nutritious, easily digested, and promotive of that daily regular action of the system, without which, health is impossible. Their anti-constipating quality is in the seeds; on the same principle that grapes, raisins, and white mustard-seed, have stood high in this respect, the attrition of the seeds on the mucous surface of the alimentary canal exciting its peristaltic motion, thus causing regular daily action.

As to water-melons, they are the only things we know which can be eaten with impunity, until we cannot swallow any more. The best time for taking them is about eleven o'clock in the morning, and about four in the afternoon. They are not safe for very young children, the seeds are especially injurious to them.

PERFUMES.—Add to one pint of spirits of wine, that is, best alcohol, one ounce bergamot: or, one ounce otto of santal: or, otto of cloves, one drachm, with half an ounce each of bergamot and French lavender: or, half an ounce essence of lemons, with a quarter of an ounce of otto of lemon-grass: or, half an ounce of otto of orange peel, with a quarter of an ounce of otto of petit-grain. Thus, four delightful and cheap perfumes are made, says *The Scientific American.*

LYING WITH THE HEAD HIGH.—It is often a question amongst people who are unacquainted with the anatomy and physiology of man, whether lying with his head exalted or even with the body is most wholesome. Most, consulting their own ease on this point, argue in favour of that which they prefer. Now, although many delight in bolstering up their heads at night and sleep soundly without injury, yet we declare it to be a dangerous habit. The vessels through which blood passes from the heart to the head, are always lessened in the cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body, therefore, in all diseases attended with fever, the head should be pretty near on a level with the body; and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep thus to avoid danger.

SORE THROAT.—I have been subject to sore throat, and have invariably found the following preparation (simple and cheap) highly efficacious when used in the early stage: Pour a pint of boiling water upon twenty-five or thirty leaves of common sage; let the infusion stand for half an hour. Add vinegar sufficient to make it moderately acid, and honey according to taste. This combination of the astringent and emolient principle seldom fails to produce the desired effect. The infusion must be used as a gargle several times a day. It has this advantage over many gargles—it is pleasant to the taste, and may be swallowed occasionally, not only without danger, but with advantage.

NEW METHOD OF MAKING BREAD:—Tie up one and a half pounds of rice in a thick bag, leaving room for swelling, boil for three hours, or until it becomes a perfect paste; mix it with fourteen pounds of flour, add the usual quantities of yeast and salt. Knead and bake as other bread. This new French method makes bread that will keep moist and sweet longer than that made in the usual way.

DYSPEPSIA BREAD:—Three quarts of unbolted wheat flour, half a gill of barker's yeast, one teaspoonful of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolvad in hot water; knead it well, let it rise to twice its orginal bulk, then work it down, divide into two loaves, and bake in a quick oven.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES:—Two quarts of blood-warm water, and yeast according to quality, add buckwheat meal to make a thin batter, let it rise, add three fourths of a teaspoonful of soda, and fry brown in small cakes on a griddle.

Keep an oyster-shell in your teakettle, and it will prevent the formation of a crust on the sides of it.

Business Cards.

A. P. SPERRY, of N. C.
With WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of **DRY GOODS,** 46 Park Place, and 41 Barclay Street,
Wm. Graydon, James Graydon, } **NEW-YORK,** { Geo. H. Seeley, Wm. A. Scott.
Nov., '58. 2—1y.

A CARD.
JAMES F. JOLLEE.—Has on hand a large and well selected stock of **Ready Made Clothing, Boots, Shoes** and **Hats,** purchased this fall, in short EVERYTHING THAT MEN WEAR, and a little more Besides, which he will sell cheap for CASH or to punctual customers on a SHORT CREDIT.
Oct. 21st., 1858. 146—tf.

BAILEY & CO.
(Formerly Bailey & Kitchen,)
JEWELERS, of Philadelphia, Having changed their place of Business from No. 136 to 819 Chestnut Street, desire to inform the citizens of Greensboro, and the public, that they are now located three doors below the GIRARD HOUSE, on the *North Side of Chestnut street;* having erected a fire-proof store, to which is attached their manufactory of Sterling Silver-ware by Steam Power.
BAILEY & Co. are now prepared to receive orders for any goods in their line, which is comprised of Watches of all the best makers, Diamond Bracelets, Ear Rings, Brooches, and Necklaces, as well as all other kinds of Gold Jewelry, Silver Tea Setts, or portions of setts, Pitchers, Spoons, Forks, &c., Plated Wares, Clocks, and a general assortment of Fancy Goods.
Orders for goods will receive prompt attention and a prompt reply. Goods forwarded to any part of the Union.
Address. BAILEY & Co.
JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS,
819 Chestnut St. Phila.
☞ Agricultural Societies supplied with Silver Plate and Medals to any extent. ☜
145—6mo.

BOOK-BINDER,
At the old STAR OFFICE, (*opposite the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.*)
RALEIGH, N. C.
☞ The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and the vicinity, that he will promptly and punctually attend to the Binding of *Newspapers, Magazines* and *Periodicals* of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms.
Address J. J. CHAPLIN,
January 1—tf. *Raleigh,* N. C.

DICKENSON & COLE,
Commission & Forwarding Merchants,
Shockoe Slip, 2d door from Cary street,
RICHMOND, VA.
SOLICIT CONSIGNMENTS OF
Tobacco, Wheat, Corn, and other Produce.
JOHN DICKENSON, of Petersburg. } { ISAAC N. COLE, of Halifax.
January 1, 1859. (6m.)

E. F. POWELL.
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER.
Would take this method of informing the Citizens of Greenesboro, and the surrounding country, that he has just returned from the Northern Cities with the handsomest assortment of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver ware and Fancy Goods, ever offered in this market, also a lage lot of Confectionaries, Fruits, Cigars, Tobacco and Snuff. &c, &c—all of which is offered at the lowest figures for Cash.
All kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry *carefully repaired at the shortest notice,* and on the most reasonable terms.

J. W. EVANS'
NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street Richmond, Va.
Subscriptions received for the Times.

JOHN A. PRITCHETT,
CABINET-MAKER AND DEALER IN FURNITURE, (*near North Carolina Railroad,*)
Greensboro, N. C
All kinds of Cabinet Furniture—such as Dressing-Bureaus, Wardrobes, Washstands, Cottage Bedsteads, Tables, Coffins, &c —kept constantly on hand or made to order.
Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop.
☞ Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge.* 127:1y

JAMES M. EDNEY, COMMISSION MERCHANT, 147 *Chambers-st., N. Y.*
Buys and forwards every kind of merchandise for 2½ *per cent. Commission. Dealer in* Pianos, Melodeons, Organs, Harps, Guitars, Music, Sewing Machines, Iron Safes, Pumps, Garden Engines, &c. A printed list of all the different makers, kinds and prices, *sent free.* Agent for "The Wonderful Pump," raising Water 150 Feet by hand. Publisher of an elegant lithograph of "*Hickory Nut Falls,*" N. C., 9x12 in., sent free, 50c. Also, "*Cherokee Physician; or, Indian Guide to Health.*" This invaluable *family adviser* should be in every house. It treats of all diseases, has a copious glossary, and prescribes the remedies from nature's bounteous stores, for all our infirmities and misfortunes. It is printed on fine white paper, handsomely bound, fourth edition, 300 pages, and is *mailed free for one dollar.* Also, a splendid lithograph, 19x24 inches, of all the Bishops of the M. E. Church, South, Including Bascom and Capers, from original copies, approved by themselves. This splendid picture sent free on the receipt of one dollar. Also, Bennett's Chronology of North Carolina. Just from the press, sent free for one dollar.
☞ Refer to Govs. Swain and Morehead, N. W. Woodfin, J. W. Osborne, C. P. Mendenhall, A. M. Gorman, Esqs. Hon. W. A. Graham, J. R. Dodge, T. R. Loring, Rev. C. F. Deems, M. T. Heflin, S. M. Frost, N. C. and Rev. W. M. Wightman, Andrew Wallace, John W. Stoy, F. F. Beattie, Govan Mills, Richard Yeadon, Esprs., Hon. B. F. Perry, S. C. etc.
Rosewood Iron Frame Pianos, from $150 upwards, warranted in every particular.
(107:1y)

MARBLE WORKS
By GEORGE HEINRICH,
Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., at reduced prices, 4 doors North of the court-house, Greensboro, N. C.
☞ Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110:1y